

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC

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For the Student and the Million.

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CONTAINS—

PORTRAIT of Sir MICHAEL COSTA, and Biographical Sketch.
NEW SONG by F. H. COWEN, "The Star of Our Love," in New Notation.

EASY ORGAN COMPOSITION, by Dr. C. J. FROST.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributions and Letters intended for publication must be accompanied by the Name and Address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but for the information of the Editor.

Contributions cannot be returned, unless a stamp is sent for that purpose.

Correspondents are requested to send their MSS. not later than the 24th of each month, and to forward a notice of musical events as they occur. It is desired that names be written distinctly to avoid mistakes.

Plato tells us music awakens a love of truth and beauty, and develops the mental power of youth, and, according to modern philosophers, it is the great teacher, through the medium of which instruction may be given, and the soul brought near to the divine. These truths are accepted by many, considerable time is devoted by the young to musical culture and, wherever one may travel, the influence of music is manifest. It is seen in the improvement of the musical portion of our religious services, in the numbers that flock to the great musical festivals, in the uprising of Choral Societies in all parts of the land, in the success of the sol-fa movement, in the establishment of concerts for the people, and in the recent institution of an English Conservatoire of Music, while the enthusiastic

audiences that fill the concert rooms of London, Paris, Berlin, and other great centres of life, show how universally it is appreciated.

Yet notwithstanding this love of the art, but little is known by the million of the science of music. The ear may be pleased by a beautiful melody, or the mind impressed by grand orchestral effects, but the knowledge requisite to understand its inner beauties, or fully appreciate the works of the great masters, is wanting. The reason of this want of higher musical culture is to be found in the difficulty of comprehending the abstruse system by which music is now expressed. Advocating, as we do, the cause of musical reform in this direction, we feel no time should be lost in placing before our readers the leading principals of the grammar of music, viewed in the light of the new system. In this number is commenced the first of a series of lessons upon harmony and the rudiments of composition, based upon the new system. To those who will study music through this medium, we can promise a clear and thorough knowledge of the art, with the expenditure of far less time and labours than would be required to learn by the present system; at the same time the system now in use is one that has firmly established itself, it has the prestige of antiquity, and in it all music is at present expressed.

We have therefore deemed it advisable to give also a series of lessons on the rudiments of composition according to the old notation. The division of the octave into twelve parts, which is the root of the new system, has been acknowledged by the whole of the musical world to be uncontested for all conceivable uses, and the only practicable division; and it is necessary, for the simplifying of music, that the semitone step should be brought to full authority, both in the writing and theory of music, thereby making the theory and the practice of music accord. It will be interesting for students to learn that in Germany, at the present time, the subject is being ventilated from the same point of view as here taken in.

In the Venetian Parlour of the Mansion House, on the 26th ult., a number of gentlemen, who have taken interest in the testimonial which is being raised on behalf of Sir Julius Benedict, met to consider the present aspect and condition of the project for securing

to him a modest competence in his old age. The sum subscribed, down to the present time, is £1,681 10s. 6d. The informal report having thus been laid before the meeting, the chairman expressed a hope that they might that day, advance some steps in giving effect to the wishes of all who felt how great were the services which Sir Julius had rendered to music and to the nation. In our next issue we hope to give a portrait of the veteran musician, and some account of his labours in the musical world. At the last moment a telegram came from Sir Arthur Sullivan, expressing the sorrow he felt at not being able to join the assembly of Sir Julius Benedict's friends.

The returns just issued by the Education Department show that the encouragement given in the Code to Singing by Note is bearing practical fruit. The proportion of schools in England and Wales teaching singing by ear has sunk from 83·4 per cent. to 79·6 per cent. In Scotch schools singing by note is much more common than in English, only 36·3 per cent. north of the Tweed teaching singing by ear. In England and Wales the number of departments has increased during the year by 351, while the number singing by ear has decreased by 609. Taking England, Wales, and Scotland together, the percentage of schools singing by ear is 74·8; of those that teach singing by note the staff notation is used by 21 per cent., and the tonic sol-fa by 76·2 per cent. It is significant to note that whereas the number using the sol-fa notation has increased by 900, the number using the staff notation has increased by only 96, a clear proof of the difficulty experienced in teaching singing by note from the old staff notation. We look forward to the new staff notation, herein advocated, which combines the advantages of the staff notation with the sol-fa methods of teaching, becoming in the future the one recognised method of instruction, thus fusing in one these two systems. At present a child taught by the sol-fa method to sing, has also to learn the old staff notation for the purpose of playing instrumental music or learning harmony. On the other hand, the new method is equally good for singing or for performing instrumental music, and may be learned in very much less time than is required to master either one of the two systems now in vogue.



“Staccato.”

At a small concert at Upton-St.-Leonards, a village near Gloucester, there was produced, for the first time in England, a new Toy Symphony, called “Promenade du bœuf gras.” The name of the composer has not transpired, but “the walk of the fat ox” was “received with vigorous applause, necessitating an encore.”

Dr. C. Hubert H. Parry, who is now Choragus to his University, has had his “Prometheus Vinctus” performed at Oxford, during festivity week. It was one of his earliest compositions, and some of our London critics made great sport of it on its production. The work evidently was written under a strong influence of the Wagnerian school, which, as more recent productions show, has become much modified.

Speculation is already ripe as to the arrangements Mr. Carl Rosa will make for his next London season. Among other wild rumours there has been one to the effect that Dr. Hans von Bülow will be engaged to conduct the performances. Before accepting this as certain, it must be as well to recollect that Mr. Carl Rosa has not yet “broken off” with Mr. Randegger, notwithstanding all that has been said on this subject. As regards novelties, nothing is yet settled, although it is probable that Mr. Goring Thomas’s new opera will be produced.

The libretto of “The Canterbury Pilgrims” is so good, that Mr. Gilbert A’Beckett ought to be entreated to go on writing libretto of English Operas for the rest of his natural life. The story is cleverly constructed, the characters are life-like and—unknown, almost unheeded for, before—the language is lively and natural, and when the occasion demands it, full of poetry and true feeling. As sample of the latter quality—the long duet between the lovers, “On to a land beyond the night,” and especially, Cicely’s beautiful soliloquy “Dawn of the young day breaking,” both in the second act, may be cited. It may even be said that without the music the piece would have been a success, the first time, assuredly that such a thing could be said, by any one presuming to common sense, of any libretto foreign or English!

Amateurs in Scotland, and, probably, “furth” the Land o’ Cakes as well, are again asking when the Edinburgh University authorities will bestir themselves in the matter of musical degrees. It is felt that the time has arrived when the “Mus. Doc.” and the “Mus. Bac.” distinctions ought to be had in the Modern Athens. The music chair there, founded by old General Reid, enjoys, it may be mentioned, the interest on a bequest of £28,500. Out of this a sum of £300 is set aside to meet the expenses of the concert given annually on the birthday of the founder. He stipulated that the programme should always include a March of his own composition, “to show the taste for music about the middle of last century, and to keep his name in remembrance.”

It is stated that the Henry Leslie Choir will once more be disbanded on the termination of the current season. In spite of the vitality and energy apparently infused into the revival, it would seem that the genuine interest of members died out, when Mr. Henry Leslie resigned the conductor’s baton. This has been made manifest by the poor attendance at recent rehearsals of the choir.

Without waiting for the production of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie’s “Rose of Sharon,” at Norwich, next October, the Birmingham Festival Committee has commissioned the English composer to write an oratorio for the meeting of 1888. Four years is good notice; but then the committee is probably anxious to provide an immediate set-off to the appointment of a foreign musician as conductor of the Festival.

Of Mr. F. H. Cowen’s new Symphony, No. 4 in B flat minor, performed for the first time in public at the Philharmonic Concert, on May 28th, we shall hope to speak more in detail next month. He has also, we understand, another Symphony nearly ready, which will probably be performed at Vienna, under Herr Richter, some time in the autumn. This will be No. 5, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the number will prove as fortunate in the case of our gifted young countryman as it did in that of Beethoven, when he wrote his glorious C minor Symphony.

The forthcoming production of Mr. Mackenzie’s “Colomba” at Covent Garden, is spoken of in some quarters as a great compliment to the new English school; but it is a little difficult to see the matter in that light. The success of “Colomba” was abundantly established on other boards, and Mr. Gye, in patronising it, is but acceding to the formed tastes of his constituents. Had the reputation of Mr. Mackenzie’s opera so affected the traditions of Covent Garden as to pave the way for a language “understood of the people,” credit might at least have been given for susceptibility to reform if not for its initiation. But when it is thought necessary to translate the work of an English author into the Italian language for presentation in the chief opera house in the capital of England—well, it is not very patent where the compliment to English writers comes in.

Now that Mr. Carl Rosa’s season at Drury Lane, which, like Herrick’s daffodils, has had an all too transient being—is at an end, and can be reviewed as a whole, it must be confessed a little disappointing to the earnest disciple of a rational and revivified lyrical drama. As against the production of two important novelties by Englishmen in the previous season, that just ended has seen only the birth of Dr. Stanford’s “Pilgrims,” which, excellent as it is, certainly does not weigh equal with the combined weight of Messrs. Mackenzie and Thomas’s operas. These have been repeated with success, but the predominance of favour, both of the management and of the public, has been bestowed upon what a cultured musician with a conscience can only call threadbare and trivial works. This

dictum certainly will not apply to the music of Bizet, whose “Carmen” has achieved the most extraordinary popularity at Drury Lane, but then the plot of “Carmen” is so detestable that one cannot feel much satisfaction at its success. However, Mr. Rosa has appreciably improved the taste of the operatic public. We must not be in a hurry. Some day, perhaps, he will thoroughly convert it.

A rumour has been circulated to the effect that a couple of MS. cantatas have recently been unearthed at Leipzig, each bearing evidence of Beethoven’s workmanship. Two distinguished continental musicians believe that the cantatas are veritable compositions of the great master, but, in these days of attempts to magnify the importance of old manuscripts, caution will doubtless be observed in giving credence to the reported authorship.

The Sootch turn of mind is nothing if not ingenious, and thus it occurred, the other Sunday, to the commandant of the Scottish Borderers’ Militia that he might as well march his regiment to church under the exhilarating strains of the bagpipes. In days gone by the brass band did the needful, but the worthy Dumfries bodies successfully resented the blare of trumpets and shawins on the “Sawbath” day. The pibroch has now shared a similar fate, for the “Tonalt’s” and “Tougal’t’s” were only permitted to “blew a blaw” on the solitary occasion referred to.

A good story is told in the life, recently published, of Ole Bull, the celebrated Norwegian violinist. Some one had come to him with a new receipt for improving the tone of violins by the use of a certain varnish. Ole Bull tried it, and the result was so satisfactory that he took a violin to which this varnish had been applied to the house of a great Italian Duke, before whom he was to play at an evening party. After he had played for some time he began to perceive an extraordinary and most disgusting odour emanating from the violin. He at once guesses the truth. The varnish has begun to melt owing to the heat of the room. Nearly sick, Ole Bull still goes on, turning his head aside as much as possible, and so playing to the end of the piece. The Duke approaches to compliment him, and is almost knocked down by the fearful odour. Then come explanations and general laughter.

The observance of the London “season” has been attacked from several points of view, and defended on as many; but to the ordinary concert-goer, whose requisites of existence do not include such trifles as a country house and a box at the opera, there does not seem much to be said for a system which crushes all the best music into two of the warmest months of the year. If anyone thinks the system perfect, let him insinuate his person among the enthusiasts who throng the gallery at St. James’s Hall during the Richter concerts these warm summer evenings; he will then be qualified to enter into the joys of a salamander, and may even be induced to reconsider his opinions concerning the immaculate excellence of the London season.

Mr. Mapleson's unlucky Grand National Opera House on the Thames Embankment, that just struggled above the foundations and there remained for some time at a standstill—an unsightly and abortive attempt at a ruin before it was even a building—is at last to be cleared away and finally disposed of. On June 24th the materials, including five million bricks, &c., are to be sold by public auction. It is a pity that the grand scheme of a National Opera House on such a magnificent site could not have been realized; but the old text about "Sitting down to count the cost" is but too applicable to the case. As it is, one is reminded of the famous epitaph upon a child, untimely deceased,

"As I am so soon done for
I wonder what I was begun for!"

As a pianist, Herr von Bülow is remarkable for his versatility—his repertoire including the products of every school and every epoch—and faultless technic, combined with a memory that scarcely ever fails him. One notable characteristic may be specially alluded to, which is apparent in all that he does, viz., his clearly conceived idea of the general treatment of any composition he undertakes to interpret, which has been previously formulated in his mind even to the minutest detail. The result is a perfectly homogenous "reading," which clearly indicates the possession of artistic attributes, and a conscientious appreciation of a composer's rights.

We are indebted to a contemporary for the following instance of Bülow's eccentricity as displayed during his sojourn in America:— "It is usual for American piano manufacturers when a celebrated pianist plays in public on one of their pianos to suspend a placard with their name from the case. This was done regularly by the firm on whose pianos Von Bülow played while in this country. One night while playing at a concert in one of the Southern cities he stopped in the middle of a piece, rose, jerked the placard off, threw it on the floor, and resumed his seat, beginning the piece over again. He had not played more than a couple dozen bars when he once more rose from his seat and kicked the placard into a far corner of the stage. Then he began the composition again and played it through."

Madame Christine Nilsson's admiration for America and its inhabitants is almost phenomenal in its intensity, but she nevertheless considers Mr. Abbey, a very inefficient director of opera; although she indignantly denies that the season has been a failure because he has paid every one. She comments on New York as follows:—"Do you know I think the New Yorkers made a mistake in serenading us on our departure, when we're tired to death and can't enjoy ourselves. As they are so kind let them show their appreciation of us on

our arrival, when we are nice and fresh. I don't mean fresh in the American sense of the word. I have altogether had a delightful time in New York. I dined last Wednesday at Mrs. Astor's, and have never in all my life—and you know what my life has been—seen anything so regal. I have dined with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, visited the Courts of Spain and Russia, but have never, never seen anything to equal the magnificence of Mrs. Astor's entertainment. And the flowers! I had lots of awfully nice men around me; but I must say I preferred the flowers."

Financially successful as Mr. Carl Rosa's recent opera season at Drury Lane was, and deserved to be, there are some rather perplexing facts that should be taken into account by those who, perhaps too eagerly, have been dilating on the improvement of the public taste as indicated by it. "Esmeralda" was performed twice only, notwithstanding the novelties of ballet music and other additions offered. "The Canterbury Pilgrims" was given four times, "Carmen" ten times, and Mr. Mackenzie's "Colomba," unquestionably the best of the English operas was announced for a second performance, but, only three seats having been taken, another opera was naturally substituted for it. Dr. Hueffer's gloomy and untuneful libretto has, of course, something to do with this, but even making all allowances, the lack of appreciation of this fine work is remarkable. The fact is that the British public still think a great deal more of the names of star-singers and actors, as compared with the work they have to interpret, than some of our sanguine judges would like to acknowledge.

Not very long ago a star prima donna of the very first magnitude, when taking her benefit at the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg, found herself called before the curtain more than twenty consecutive times. In the end she occupied the centre of the stage and addressed her enthusiastic patrons a few words in the Russian language, then offered to show her gratitude for their favours by singing them a song in their own tongue. This was received with rapturous applause; but judge of her surprise when, after retiring from the stage, the management fined her 2,000f. for addressing the audience without permission. The proceeds of her benefit were thus considerably reduced; and her experience was only one degree removed from that of the French pantomimist and dancer, as related by Charles Kemble. This individual was in the habit of taking a benefit at regular intervals, but always with a loss. One night, however, he came before the curtain with a beaming countenance, and after a polite bow he acknowledged his thanks in these terms: "Dear public, moch oblige; very good benefice; only lose half a crown this time. I come again."

Musical competitions of some sort or other are always on the tapis abroad. During May a "musical concourse" was held at Nice, which lasted three days, the prizes competed for being four of 1,000fr., and several gold, silver, and bronze medals. Musicians of France and other countries participated. On the other hand Lord Bute has offered a liberal prize for the best musical setting of Euripides' "Alcestis." Whatever view may be taken by the better class of musicians on the subject of "prize competitions," it is, nevertheless, certain that they serve to stimulate the ambition of talent yet unknown, and sometimes succeed in bringing to light composers of great merit, who, but for such free competition, might have lived and died without being heard of.

Beethoven is said to have offered manuscript copies of his great "Missa Solemnis" in D to all the Courts of Europe at the low price of fifty ducats each. Nevertheless, only five sovereigns subscribed for the colossal masterpiece. The publisher Schott bought the copyright afterwards for some five hundred dollars, but the original manuscript was sold after Beethoven's death for only four dollars. How times have changed! Now we see a work like the "Redemption" bought for several thousand pounds, and commissions are given to ordinary composers to write works for which they receive very handsome pay. As in Beethoven's time, however, the successful composer is he who writes for the populace, not he who produces works that are beyond the age in which he lives.

George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has just purchased Tom Moore's harp, upon which the poet played the melodies wedged to his verses. The harp is scarcely a foot high, and stands upon an ebony base, while its tones are still sweet and mellow. It is a very precious relic, and much valued by Mr. Childs.

Many theatre-goers will be inclined to agree to the abolition of out of place music between the acts of a drama. The question has been raised by Liszt. The Comédie Française, Paris, still follows the old custom of the playhouse of Molière, according to old tradition, with no music between the acts. The trouble is that the fashionable audience in a theatre is not the same audience as is found at a Philharmonic concert. The people at the latter are musically educated, and go for the express purpose of enjoying the best kind of music. But in a theatre not one of a hundred knows the difference between a sonata and a symphony. They don't want to hear good music, but rather something popular and catching. Perhaps, however, if proper care were taken to always select music appropriate to the closing sentiments of the preceding act, and to secure its adequate rendition, the musical entr'acte might still survive as an institution, not without value.

Sir Michael Costa.

THE name of Sir Michael Costa will in future days be chiefly remembered as that of the first of the race of great orchestral conductors in this country. Before his time, the conductor either sat at the piano-forte and there gave what indications he could to the band, playing a few chords when they went astray to remind them of the place in the score; or he performed his work very much as the conductor of the band in a minor theatre may be seen performing it at the present day, playing the violin in the more energetic passages and beating time with his bow during the rest of the piece. At such concerts as that of the Philharmonic Society in its earlier days, the "leader" stood among the violins beating time and stamping when the band were unusually careless, and Mr. — was always announced "at the pianoforte" (some well-known musician, Cramer, Clementi, or Smart), whose work appears to have been something like that of the prompter on the stage. To Spohr on his visit to this country in 1820, must be given the credit of reforming an arrangement that under no possible conditions could be a satisfactory one. He was the first who produced the bâton and insisted on using it. Narrating the incident in his autobiography he says, "Henceforth no one was ever again seen seated at the piano during the performance of symphonies and overtures." Mendelssohn also contributed greatly to the introduction of the new system of there being one man, absolute master and marshal of the forces around him. The first to show how much could be achieved by that one man, the greatest musical general whose name will be identified with music in England, undoubtedly was Sir Michael Costa.

He was born at Naples on February 4, 1810. His mother was of Swiss extraction, and his father, according to Grove's Dictionary of Music, was the Cavalier Pasquale Costa, of an old Spanish family. His first studies were at the Royal Academy of Music, where he obtained one of the few good things that were bestowed by the Bourbons, a free scholarship from Ferdinand I.; and he showed his precocity by composing, while a boy in his teens, cantatas, operas, masses, symphonies and oratorios, most of which were performed in the theatre of the college. This was good practice, however valueless as works of art the pieces may have been. But the talent of the youth was soon perceived by those who were able to give a wider scope to his efforts—the most useful, though often very unmusical tribe of theatrical managers. In 1818 Costa obtained his first commission for an opera from the manager of the Teatro Nuovo in Naples, the result being "Il carcere d'Ildegonda," a work of which the name only is now remembered. There was at this time a noted manager at the San Carlo Theatre, Barbaja, a man the vicissitudes of whose life had been of the most extraordinary character, who managed theatres and gambling houses (usually under the

same roof) in Vienna, Milan, and Naples simultaneously, but who is now chiefly remembered for his partnership and quarrels with Rossini. Whatever his faults, this Barbaja had a keen eye for talent (especially if as yet unappreciated, and, therefore, requiring only scant remuneration), and it was he who gave the commission for Costa's second opera, "Malyina," composed in 1829. The autumn of that year was fated to be memorable in the life of the young musician. It was then that he first stepped on the soil of England, so long to be his home in after years. The story of his coming in the place of his master, Zingarelli, to conduct a composition of the latter, a psalm, "By the waters of Babylon," at the Birmingham Festival, and of his treatment there, has been often told. There is something very comical in the astonishment of the worthy directors when this beardless youth of 19 appeared before them, but it must be acknowledged in their favour that though they refused point-blank to allow him to conduct, they showed some consideration by offering him an engagement to sing. Costa knew well enough that his voice was only a light tenor, and that nature had not intended him to shine as a solo singer. But what was he to do? The travelling expenses to be defrayed were an important item, and the young Italian pluckily resolved, as the Birmingham people would only have him sing, to sing his best. And this he did in his master's psalm and at an evening concert, taking part with Miss Fanny Ayton in a duet from Rossini's then fashionable "Donna del Lago." Probably he was quite content when this trial was over, moderate though the applause had been that followed his efforts. But even at this early period it is said that his talent was not quite unappreciated. Band parts were suddenly required for the accompaniment to an air from Bellini's "Il Pirata." These young Costa immediately wrote down, and Clementi who was a witness of the rapidity and cleverness with which the task had been performed, said to him, "You are a composer and not a singer"—an opinion which exactly coincided with that of the young musician himself.

It is probable that this Birmingham visit, annoying as its incidents must have been to him at the time, furnished Costa with introductions to English musicians which were of material use to him afterwards, and may have contributed to his final settlement in this country. Be this as it may, we find him engaged by Laporte, director of the King's Theatre in London, as *maestro al piano* in the year 1830. The veteran musicians of the orchestra at first regarded with something like scorn the boyish-looking stranger introduced amongst them, and Costa was fond of exhibiting in after years a missive received from them which amusingly showed this. It consisted of a card with seven miniature razors attached to it. However, it was not long before all in the theatre found that he could hold his own against the best, and in the following year a grand ballet of his composition, "Kenilworth," further added to his reputation. In 1832 he was appointed director of the music in succession to Bochsa

the harpist, who had held that post for some time, and now it may be said that his talents first had full play. Of the many ballets that he wrote in which Taglioni, Cerito, and other celebrated *danses* appeared, as also of his grand operas, "Malek Adhel," first produced in Paris in 1837, and of "Don Carlos," given in London in 1844, little need now be said. They have long ago passed away to that limbo whither all work that has not the enduring stamp of genius upon it must sooner or later subside. These productions are full of melody in the genuine Italian vein, and they also display much musicianly skill in construction, and, as might be expected, knowledge of stage effect. But they were fashioned after the Rossinian model, a style which happily for operatic composition, had its day, and now ceased to be. In 1839 Signor Costa became a naturalized Englishman, and twenty years afterwards, as every one knows, he received the honour of knighthood from the Queen.

In 1846 occurred that famous secession of most of the principal artists, with Costa and the greater part of the orchestra *en bloc*, from Mr. Lumley's company at the King's Theatre, which is connected with so pitiable a tale of dissensions and intrigues in the operatic history of the time. It may suffice to say that in 1847, a rival Opera House was opened in Covent Garden, with Mr. Costa as conductor; and for many years he remained there, developing the orchestra until it became one of the most powerful and celebrated in Europe, and producing a long succession of operas with marvellous completeness and care. Later in his life he also conducted at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Mr. Mapleson. In 1846, he undertook the conductorship of the Philharmonic Society's concerts, a post he held for eight years, and in 1848, his connection with the Sacred Harmonic Society, which practically continued until the end of his life, was commenced. In the following year, he visited Birmingham, this time as conductor-in-chief of the festival, a post which he also held to the last. And of his eminent services as conductor of the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace, on a gigantic scale never before attempted, commencing in 1857, and continued until last year, when illness compelled him to relinquish the post, there are few, indeed, who need to be informed. In the year 1855, his oratorio, "Eli" was produced at the Birmingham Festival, and in 1864, his second oratorio, "Naaman," received a first hearing in the same town. In these works there is delightful melody to be found, together with stirring strains and grand effects that have insured their popularity, and though they may probably not be often performed in the future, yet up to the present time, they may be fairly said to stand next in favour to the great compositions in oratorio of Handel and Mendelssohn. It was said of "Philistines, hark!" as sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, that "it moved the people as with the sound of a trumpet," and the "March of the Israelites" in "Eli," is a noble specimen of its kind.

Sir Michael Costa had for some time before his death been failing in health, and

two successive paralytic attacks, resulting in partial loss of speech, gave sad warning of the approaching end. A short time ago he caught a chill at West Brighton, where he was living, and he never recovered from this, dying on April 29th, in his 75th year. He was buried on May 6th, in Kensal Green Cemetery, being followed to the grave by Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Santley, and a host of his old friends of the orchestra and the stage.

Sir Michael Costa was not without his faults, and those grave ones, and in summing up his character, it is only right to refer with regret to his long and bitter enmity against Sir Sterndale Bennett, despite all attempts at conciliation, and his conduct towards the members of the orchestras whose conductors, rivals of his own, from time to time offended him. But these were the "defects of his qualities." He was an autocrat in the orchestra, and was the first who so ruled the band, that he made it, as it were, the expression of the will of the conductor. In his interpretation of the works of the great masters he was careful and exact, with a result of mechanical accuracy, admirable in its way, though very different from what Herr Richter, with that fine enthusiasm of his, sometimes works his players up to. Of Costa's additions to the scores of Handel and other composers much may be said on both sides—and it is probable that on the whole, the public taste approves of these tamperings, preferring to have the louder brass and drum effects to which their ears are accustomed in modern music, superadded to those intended by the older masters. But there were certain alterations made by him in the actual notes of songs themselves, that cannot on any grounds be defended. Of his private life many will preserve an affectionate remembrance long after the great *chef d'orchestre* has passed away—men who for years had played under his baton, while telling of his despotic rule, will also tell of the kindly nature, ever ready to help, ever quick to discern and foster talent in young artists, and doing good by stealth in many ways that the public and his brother artists never had an opportunity of knowing. He loved art and served her well, and his name will always be remembered as that of the first great musical conductor whom England could boast of as her own.

Herr August Hyllested's pianoforte recital, on the 28th, at Dudley House, Park Lane, is worthy of notice. This young artiste has already given promise of high talent, both as pianist and composer, and the performance on Wednesday last, cannot fail to enhance his reputation, delicacy of feeling, crispness of touch, combined with the power of giving full expression to the composer's meaning, are characteristic features in his playing. The programme, which was well selected, included two of the performer's own compositions. As a pianoforte player Herr Hyllested bids fair to find a place in the front rank. We wish him every success in the brilliant career that lies before him.

Holiday Notes.

HAVING spent my holidays in Dresden, I send you a few notes, partly of a musical character, which may be of general interest, particularly to those who are inquiring where they shall spend their next holidays. Dresden has great advantages in position, and in the many public buildings, of the nature of galleries and museums. Personally I cannot speak of any of the latter, but the great picture gallery, which is generally open to the public without charge, is a magnificent collection. Lovers of painting will find more than enough to occupy them for weeks, and will perhaps, like me, be unable to visit any of the museums, valuable as these are. The steamboats that ply on the river are comfortable, and very moderate in their fares. One can have a whole day's sailing, through beautiful and striking scenery, for a few shillings. Lodgings can be had at a very reasonable rate. But you are more particularly interested in the music. Dresden stands particularly high in this respect. The King being Roman Catholic, the Royal Chapel has become famous for its execution of the finest ecclesiastical music. One can see that the greater part of the audience are attracted by the music. The number of worshippers seems small. The choir and orchestra are said to number about three hundred, and certainly their execution is marvellous and thrilling. The voice of the officiating priest is superb, and rings through the lofty ceiling with a grand, subduing pathos; now wailing deeply, and now again coming almost to the borders of triumph. The occasional bursts of trumpets or drums are something overpowering. I could not but feel that our Protestant worship, in being shut out from the help of such potent allies, was placed at a great and needless disadvantage. Might not those who glory in being Scriptural, reflect a little more on some parts of the Book of Psalms, where great bursts of musical instrumentation are associated with eminent devotion and spirituality. Surely if the danger of such music taking the place of devotion was not then regarded, we, with our greater light, need not greatly fear it. The Protestant churches are well filled. The devout aspect of the worshippers strikes one at once. The Frauenkirche, the largest in the city, is generally filled, sometimes crowded. The singing in the churches is very good, and it is so generally. In the Frauenkirche, seven hymns are sung, all of them long, some even fourteen verses. The singing is slow, sweet, and expressive. There is no choir. The organ, which was played softly and gently, sufficed for leading. The German hymns are so full of Christ, and so full of human experience; so rich in penitence and aspiration, that I could not but feel that men must be lifted and quickened by the solemn, united singing of them. They who think a liturgy needful to the expression of devotion, are surely mistaken. Are not hymns a sung liturgy of the most varied kind? Altogether, your readers would find a visit to Dresden profitable in many ways.

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Sir Michael Costa.

THE name of Sir Michael Costa will in future days be chiefly remembered as that of the first of the race of great orchestral conductors in this country. Before his time, the conductor either sat at the pianoforte and there gave what indications he could to the band, playing a few chords when they went astray to remind them of the place in the score; or he performed his work very much as the conductor of the band in a minor theatre may be seen performing it at the present day, playing the violin in the more energetic passages and beating time with his bow during the rest of the piece. At such concerts as that of the Philharmonic Society in its earlier days, the "leader" stood among the violins beating time and stamping when the band were unusually careless, and Mr. —— was always announced "at the pianoforte" (some well-known musician, Cramer, Clementi, or Smart), whose work appears to have been something like that of the prompter on the stage. To Spohr on his visit to this country in 1820, must be given the credit of reforming an arrangement that under no possible conditions could be a satisfactory one. He was the first who produced the bâton and insisted on using it. Narrating the incident in his autobiography he says, "Henceforth no one was ever again seen seated at the piano during the performance of symphonies and overtures." Mendelssohn also contributed greatly to the introduction of the new system of there being one man, absolute master and marshal of the forces around him. The first to show how much could be achieved by that one man, the greatest musical general whose name will be identified with music in England, undoubtedly was Sir Michael Costa.

He was born at Naples on February 4, 1810. His mother was of Swiss extraction, and his father, according to Grove's Dictionary of Music, was the Cavalier Pasquale Costa, of an old Spanish family. His first studies were at the Royal Academy of Music, where he obtained one of the few good things that were bestowed by the Bourbons, a free scholarship from Ferdinand I.; and he showed his precocity by composing, while a boy in his teens, cantatas, operas, masses, symphonies and oratorios, most of which were performed in the theatre of the college. This was good practice, however valueless as works of art the pieces may have been. But the talent of the youth was soon perceived by those who were able to give a wider scope to his efforts—the most useful, though often very unmusical tribe of theatrical managers. In 1818 Costa obtained his first commission for an opera from the manager of the Teatro Nuovo in Naples, the result being "Il carcere d'Idegonda," a work of which the name only is now remembered. There was at this time a noted manager at the San Carlo Theatre, Barbaja, a man the vicissitudes of whose life had been of the most extraordinary character, who managed theatres and gambling houses (usually under the

same roof) in Vienna, Milan, and Naples simultaneously, but who is now chiefly remembered for his partnership and quarrels with Rossini. Whatever his faults, this Barbaja had a keen eye for talent (especially if as yet unappreciated, and, therefore, requiring only scant remuneration), and it was he who gave the commission for Costa's second opera, "Malyina," composed in 1829. The autumn of that year was fated to be memorable in the life of the young musician. It was then that he first stepped on the soil of England, so long to be his home in after years. The story of his coming in the place of his master, Zingarelli, to conduct a composition of the latter, a psalm, "By the waters of Babylon," at the Birmingham Festival, and of his treatment there, has been often told. There is something very comical in the astonishment of the worthy directors when this beardless youth of 19 appeared before them, but it must be acknowledged in their favour that though they refused point-blank to allow him to conduct, they showed some consideration by offering him an engagement to sing. Costa knew well enough that his voice was only a light tenor, and that nature had not intended him to shine as a solo singer. But what was he to do? The travelling expenses to be defrayed were an important item, and the young Italian pluckily resolved, as the Birmingham people would only have him sing, to sing his best. And this he did in his master's psalm and at an evening concert, taking part with Miss Fanny Ayton in a duet from Rossini's then fashionable "Donna del Lago." Probably he was quite content when this trial was over, moderate though the applause had been that followed his efforts. But even at this early period it is said that his talent was not quite unappreciated. Band parts were suddenly required for the accompaniment to an air from Bellini's "Il Pirata." These young Costa immediately wrote down, and Clementi who was a witness of the rapidity and cleverness with which the task had been performed, said to him, "You are a composer and not a singer"—an opinion which exactly coincided with that of the young musician himself.

It is probable that this Birmingham visit, annoying as its incidents must have been to him at the time, furnished Costa with introductions to English musicians which were of material use to him afterwards, and may have contributed to his final settlement in this country. Be this as it may, we find him engaged by Laporte, director of the King's Theatre in London, as *maestro al piano* in the year 1830. The veteran musicians of the orchestra at first regarded with something like scorn the boyish-looking stranger introduced amongst them, and Costa was fond of exhibiting in after years a missive received from them which amusingly showed this. It consisted of a card with seven miniature razors attached to it. However, it was not long before all in the theatre found that he could hold his own against the best, and in the following year a grand ballet of his composition, "Kenilworth," further added to his reputation. In 1832 he was appointed director of the music in succession to Bochsa

the harpist, who had held that post for some time, and now it may be said that his talents first had full play. Of the many ballets that he wrote in which Taglioni, Cerito, and other celebrated *danses* appeared, as also of his grand operas, "Malek Adhel," first produced in Paris in 1837, and of "Don Carlos," given in London in 1844, little need now be said. They have long ago passed away to that limbo whither all work that has not the enduring stamp of genius upon it must sooner or later subside. These productions are full of melody in the genuine Italian vein, and they also display much musicianly skill in construction, and, as might be expected, knowledge of stage effect. But they were fashioned after the Rossinian model, a style which happily for operatic composition, had its day, and now ceased to be. In 1839 Signor Costa became a naturalized Englishman, and twenty years afterwards, as every one knows, he received the honour of knighthood from the Queen.

In 1846 occurred that famous secession of most of the principal artists, with Costa and the greater part of the orchestra *en bloc*, from Mr. Lumley's company at the King's Theatre, which is connected with so pitiable a tale of dissensions and intrigues in the operatic history of the time. It may suffice to say that in 1847, a rival Opera House was opened in Covent Garden, with Mr. Costa as conductor; and for many years he remained there, developing the orchestra until it became one of the most powerful and celebrated in Europe, and producing a long succession of operas with marvellous completeness and care. Later in his life he also conducted at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Mr. Mapleson. In 1846, he undertook the conductorship of the Philharmonic Society's concerts, a post he held for eight years, and in 1848, his connection with the Sacred Harmonic Society, which practically continued until the end of his life, was commenced. In the following year, he visited Birmingham, this time as conductor-in-chief of the festival, a post which he also held to the last. And of his eminent services as conductor of the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace, on a gigantic scale never before attempted, commencing in 1857, and continued until last year, when illness compelled him to relinquish the post, there are few, indeed, who need to be informed. In the year 1855, his oratorio, "Eli" was produced at the Birmingham Festival, and in 1864, his second oratorio, "Naaman," received a first hearing in the same town. In these works there is delightful melody to be found, together with stirring strains and grand effects that have insured their popularity, and though they may probably not be often performed in the future, yet up to the present time, they may be fairly said to stand next in favour to the great compositions in oratorio of Handel and Mendelssohn. It was said of "Philistines, hark!" as sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, that "it moved the people as with the sound of a trumpet," and the "March of the Israelites" in "Eli," is a noble specimen of its kind.

Sir Michael Costa had for some time before his death been failing in health, and

two successive paralytic attacks, resulting in partial loss of speech, gave sad warning of the approaching end. A short time ago he caught a chill at West Brighton, where he was living, and he never recovered from this, dying on April 29th, in his 75th year. He was buried on May 6th, in Kensal Green Cemetery, being followed to the grave by Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Santley, and a host of his old friends of the orchestra and the stage.

Sir Michael Costa was not without his faults, and those grave ones, and in summing up his character, it is only right to refer with regret to his long and bitter enmity against Sir Sterndale Bennett, despite all attempts at conciliation, and his conduct towards the members of the orchestras whose conductors, rivals of his own, from time to time offended him. But these were the "defects of his qualities." He was an autocrat in the orchestra, and was the first who so ruled the band, that he made it, as it were, the expression of the will of the conductor. In his interpretation of the works of the great masters he was careful and exact, with a result of mechanical accuracy, admirable in its way, though very different from what Herr Richter, with that fine enthusiasm of his, sometimes works his players up to. Of Costa's additions to the scores of Handel and other composers much may be said on both sides—and it is probable that on the whole, the public taste approves of these tamperings, preferring to have the louder brass and drum effects to which their ears are accustomed in modern music, superadded to those intended by the older masters. But there were certain alterations made by him in the actual notes of songs themselves, that cannot on any grounds be defended. Of his private life many will preserve an affectionate remembrance long after the great *chef d'orchestre* has passed away—men who for years had played under his baton, while telling of his despotic rule, will also tell of the kindly nature, ever ready to help, ever quick to discern and foster talent in young artists, and doing good by stealth in many ways that the public and his brother artists never had an opportunity of knowing. He loved art and served her well, and his name will always be remembered as that of the first great musical conductor whom England could boast of as her own.

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emanated from this most prolific pen. In the sonata now under consideration it appears in the key of E major, given out in octaves by the right hand, the latter portion being repeated. A brilliant episode in C, the two first phrases of which are recapitulated, leads up to a re-entry of the original theme now in F, which in its turn gives way to a new episode in D minor, after which a connecting chain of rich modulations leads up to the final recurrence of the subject, with florid left-hand accompaniment, and the movement closes with a coda of 12 bars, gradually decreasing in power to a *pianissimo* termination.

The customary Scherzo or Minuetto, with its attendant trio, is in this sonata conspicuous by its absence, so that the final *allegro vivace* immediately succeeds the *allegretto*. It opens with an interrupted minor scale passage, thrice repeated, and alternated with a few delicious bars in four-part harmony, between each recurrence of which is inserted the favourite bar's rest. After thirty bars of this we merge into the tonic major, with an entirely new subject, the only point in common with the former one being the retention of the occasional bar rests. This forms a sort of prelude, after modulating through B minor and F sharp into D, to a melodious fragment, treated somewhat after the fashion of a "song without words," the fifth and sixth bars of which afford the material for twenty-four bars of ingenious by-play, this figure being tortured and pulled to pieces in every possible manner, until, as if tired of his victim, the composer dashes off in a new direction with a phrase of four bars, which, repeated twice in E major, and twice in E minor, leads, by a brilliant passage of semi-quavers and an *arpeggio* chord of the $\frac{6}{4}$ on D $\frac{5}{4}$, of which the dissonant note is sustained for three bars, to a curtailed recurrence of the accompanied melody, now in E major. This entire passage is recapitulated, and at its close, the first subject recurs in the dominant. From this point no new ideas are introduced, and as was the case in the B major sonata, the remainder of the movement is little more than a transposition of the earlier portion, until the final entry of the first subject in the original key; after which a coda, founded upon broken snatches of the various earlier subjects, concludes the sonata, the last ten bars consisting entirely of the chord of A major, sustained and repeated *pianissimo* with both hands, until a *sforzando* chord completes this very interesting work.

The Festival Concert, Darmstadt, on the 29th April, was attended by Prince Louis and his bride, as well as by all the family of the Grand Duke. The theatre was brilliantly illuminated on the occasion of the representation of "Colomba." Mr. Mackenzie, who is staying with the Court bandmaster (Herr W. von Haan), conducted the piece. The work had been carefully prepared, and the decorations were new for the occasion, and faithful to the historical and local associations suggested. The representation increased in interest from act to act. That any open manifestation of applause was vouchsafed cannot be affirmed, since, on account of its being a State performance, all expressions of

applause was suppressed. At the close, and during the duet in the fourth act, however, irresistible applause broke out. The chorus and orchestra were excellent, and the solo singers equally deserve praise. At 10 o'clock a serenade was given before the palace of Prince Alexander, by nine united choral societies. After the first chorus, during the rendering of which the bridal pair came out on the balcony, the burgomaster addressed the Prince and Princess in congratulatory terms, and, after calling for a cheer for their Highnesses (which was heartily given), entered the palace, with a few other gentlemen, to pay his respects. An immense crowd was present to hear the serenade, every face in it being distinctly revealed by the electric light. The space round the palace was lit up with Bengal lights. The choral societies afterwards held a convivial meeting.

The Philadelphia Wagner Festival.

Theodora Thomas, in giving the Wagner concerts at Philadelphia in the style he did, brought the mountain to Mohammed. He assembled the three great and world-renowned singers Materna, Scaria, and Winkelmann, his magnificent orchestra of over a hundred performers, a mixed chorus of over seven hundred voices, consisting of members of the New York Chorus Society, Brooklyn Philharmonic Chorus, and the male chorus of the German Liederkranz. Besides this, Philadelphia's own Cecilian Chorus lent valuable assistance the first night, and the concerts were given at that most charming and best acoustic of all opera houses, the Philadelphia Academy of Music. The alleged musical culture of Philadelphia, a city of more than twice the number of inhabitants of Boston, was shown by the attendance of a bare thousand of people at each of three concerts, while in Boston five thousand enthusiastic auditors paid tribute to Wagner and to their own musical culture nightly and for five concerts.

As regards the performances themselves, it must be said they were in every way superior even to those given in Boston and New York. On Monday, the first night, the "Cecilian" Chorus of Philadelphia sang the march from "Tannhäuser" with great spirit, and the fine *ensemble* did honor to them and their leader, Mr. Michael Cross.

At the Tuesday matinee Miss Emma Juch sang the ballad from the "Flying Dutchman" excellently, and the New York and Brooklyn ladies were highly pleasing in their pure delivery of the "Spinning Chorus" from that opera. The second half of the programme consisted of the complete third act from "Die Götterdämmerung," with the same artists as in Boston and New York. The orchestra was splendid, and so were the three Rhine daughters, Miss Juch, Mrs. Hartdegen, and Miss Winant. Of course, the Wagner singers received the lion's share of the applause, some of which deservedly, also, fell on Mr. Remmertz.

The Tuesday night programme opened with the Huldigung's March, magnificently played, and this was followed by the German Liederkranz's singing of Rheinberger's "Waldmorgen." They never gave this part-song better than on this occasion, and they were applauded to the echo, giving as an encore Engelsberg's "So Weit." After the beautiful prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," followed the celebrated love duet from the second act of that work, and both Mme. Materna and Herr Winkelmann were really at their best. Herr Scaria, as King Marke, also achieved his usual and well-merited success.

The fragment, from the glorious third act of the "Meistersinger," concluded the programme and this the most brilliant work of Wagner could not fail making an enthusiastic impression even on the Philadelphians, as it was also finely performed. The Liederkranz sang the funny choruses of the cobblers, tailors, and bakers, with spirit and nice shading and expression, and the mixed chorus of 700 voices told wonderfully well in the Philadelphia Academy of Music.

It is needless to say that both Scaria and Winkelmann were enthusiastically received but after the finely rendered "Quintett" also the home talent "brought down the house," and at the close of the performance all the artists, and especially Mr. Theodore Thomas, had a hearty double recall.

The Canterbury Pilgrims.

Seldom has a new work come more triumphantly out of the ordeal of a "first night" performance than did Dr. Villiers Stanford's new opera, on April 28th, at Drury Lane. And the ordeal is a serious one, for there are so many contingencies, any one of which may prove to be fatal! If the plot is stupid, all the best music in the world will not save the piece, as witness so many of Mozart's, Weber's, and Rossini's operas. Then the singers may be incompetent, or the scenery may not work properly, or the audience may be put out of temper by something or other. Thus the fate of an opera, on which a world of pains has been expended, may be decided by a mere accident. Altogether, the position of the composer, as he takes his seat at the conductor's desk, cannot be called "a happy one," but rather one terribly trying to the nerves and strength. But we repeat, Dr. Stanford, vastly aided by Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, the writer of the clever libretto, has scored an undoubted triumph in "The Canterbury Pilgrims."

Briefly recapitulated, the story of the opera, which is in three acts, may be stated as follows. After the overture, which in its mixture of chant-like and bustling lively tunes, gives a pleasant anticipation of what is to come, the curtain rises on a scene depicting the quaint old Tabard Inn at Southwark, as it was, in Chaucer's time. Enter a crowd of 'Prentices, with Hubert (Mr. B. Davies), to sing a madrigal in honour of the pretty Cicely (Miss Perry), on her birthday morning. They sing "Love he is a wanton boy," to the tune of

the old round, "Sumner is a-cummin' in." Geoffrey, the host, her father (Mr. Snazelle), resents this intrusion, and has an altercation with Hubert, the young lover. He also tells Cicely that he has determined to send her away with the Pilgrims, who start that day for Canterbury, where lives an "old griffin aunt," who will look after her. Then is heard a fine stately Pilgrims' Chant, "Life is a weary Pilgrimage," and presently the motley crowd of pilgrims press on to the stage, exhibiting in most unsaintly style their instant eagerness for the good things of the cellar and the pantry. Sir Christopher Syng (Mr. Ludwig), a rich old reprobate, accompanied by Hal o' the Chepe (Mr. Barrington Foote), his factotum, now come in, and Hal tells of a plot he has arranged for carrying off Cicely, whom the old scamp is in love with, while on the journey to Canterbury. As another is required to complete the number of bravos, Hal, looks round, and seeing Hubert, engages him at once as a member of the band. And mischief is clearly in the air, for a disguised lady, who turns out to be Dame Margery (Miss Burton), the knight's wife, appears, and is accepted as a chaperone for Cicely. The act finishes well with, a spirited sestett "Beware," and the noise of the long procession setting off for the shrine. Act II. takes place at Sidenbourne, where the pilgrims rest for the night. Here a long chapter of cross purposes ends with Sir Christopher singing a "plaint," very pretty and droll, "Gentle, winsome daffodil," to his own wife, whom he mistakes for Cicely, and also giving her a ring, a piece of amorous foolishness which, as we shall see, has important consequences. Hubert has a long interview with Cicely, urging her to fly with him, to which she at last consents; and here, though the situation is most favourable, the composer has only succeeded in giving a diluted imitation of the wildly passionate love-strains of Wagner. Cicely's solo, "Dawn of the young day breaking," however, admirably sung by Miss Perry, is a *scena* of great beauty, to which the richly varied orchestration greatly contributes. At the end of the act, Sir Christopher finds he has abducted his own wife, who sings "Pilgrim or not, thou'lt home with me." The finale to this act is remarkably spirited and effective. Act III. and last, is at Sir Christopher's Hall, where Dame Margery is discovered alone, sadly meditating on love's passing, and she sings an air, full of exquisite pathos, "Life and love are young in spring." But a scene of boisterous comedy follows. Hubert and Cicely have been caught, and are brought to the Hall to be tried by the Justice of the Peace, who turns out to be Sir Christopher himself! The old knight, delighted with the turn events have taken, on Hal's suggestion, promptly sentences Hubert to six years (!) imprisonment; but Dame Margery opportunely comes in and shows the ring. In the end everything turns out happily. Geoffrey consents to the marriage, and we again hear the merry stave, "Love, he is a wanton boy," as the curtain descends. Full of clever writing for solos, chorus, and orchestra, with a story whose interest never flags from beginning to end, "The Canterbury Pilgrims" must be pronounced

one of the happiest specimens that could be devised of that genuine comic opera which every lover of music must hope will, before long, displace vulgarly noisy opera bouffe from the stage, where it has too long been allowed to keep a place.

meaning then was most nearly that of an instrument containing an association of pipes, that is, a set, or more than one, in a similar sense to the term, a pair of steps, or a or pair stairs, which remain in use at the present time.

From very early times there were two kinds of small organs that had been in use in churches, the one known by the name of the "Portative," so called because of its portable character, which made it available for use not merely in different positions in the churches, but even in processions; and the other by the name of the "Positif," or "Positive Organ," expressive of the opposite character, viz., that of being if not unmovable, at least importunate and so merely available for use where it was erected or set; or in other terms, in position, as its name implies. The Portative Organ was also known by the name of "the regals." To the present day the Choir Organ on the contigent is called the Positive, doubtless the result of being suggested in the first place by the small Positive organs just alluded to.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, the progress of the art of organ building in England received a severe check by parliamentary action, which passed a law establishing a new form of divine worship, from which all instrumental music was to be excluded, and nothing to be permitted but unaccompanied psalmody; so that for the purification of the ritual of the day, it was deemed an absolute essential that no organ be allowed to remain in any of the public places of worship. This caused a wholesale riddance, if not a complete destruction of the organs with which all the important cathedrals, colleges, and churches had by this time become furnished. In addition to the check which organs builders sustained by having their work, as a trade, literally exterminated by this sweeping legislation, the historian's work in collecting continuous data for the record of the progress of the art, has of necessity a great gap here, because of the impossibility of obtaining evidence of work constructed before this wanton demolition of man's handicraft.

Very few organs, indeed, seem to have escaped the ravages of Cromwell and his associates at this period, but among these few were those of Lincoln, Durham, York, and St. Paul's Cathedrals.

It must have been sometime after the Commonwealth before the reaction in favour of reinstating organs in churches set in, and as the organ builders' work, as a means of livelihood, had practically been annihilated, those men who had done so much to further the progress of organ building in this country, finding their occupation gone, had either to go abroad, to seek employment where their art was held in better esteem, or else had to turn their attention to other work. Therefore, when organs were presently again required, there were no organ builders to be found in the country.

(To be continued).

Carl Baerman, the pianist, who has played in Boston and Brooklyn, New York, with much success, is coming to London to live. The prospects in America do not seem to be bright enough for Mr. Baerman. Boston will, no doubt, be sorry to lose him.

The Organ.

III.

It was early in the sixteenth century that the German organ builders began to group their pipes together in sets, and this consequently became the period of the invention of *registers*, with which the Germans must be credited. This grouping of material together, naturally suggested differences or contrasts in both the quality of the registers (or stops as we know them) and their pitch. The difference between the tone produced by small-scale, and large-scale pipes, was one of the discoveries consequent on this. It was ascertained that registers of a pleasing, penetrating, yet somewhat thin tone, were obtained by making use of pipes made on a small scale, and while for a fully round and sonorous tone, pipes upon a large scale were essential. Other alterations were also practised. The shape of the pipes was subjected to change, so that instead of the previously uniform shape, some were made to taper upwards. Thus originated stops of the gemshorn, and spitz-flote type. Other methods of producing tones were experimented with, and as one result, reed stops were invented. The compass of the organ also was further extended to nearly four octaves, however, was very rarely complete, some of the less used notes not being included. This custom became quite a practice in organ building, and there are some old organs now in existence that have never been remodelled, and contain this "short octave" at the lower end of the keyboard. At this period the bellows with one fold was invented in Germany.

From the earliest times the usefulness of the strong and broad qualities of tones derived from large scale-pipes, in supporting the voices of a multitude of worshippers, had been well-known. But useful as this was for such a purpose, it was found that for the more delicate singing of a well-trained body of choristers, something much more gentle in its nature was necessary. Thus originated the idea of a separate organ of quite a different character, which took form in the construction of the "Choir Organ," a combination of registers of a smaller scale, and consequently of more soft and delicate quality than the others, which by way of distinction, came to be called the Great Organ. This was the origin of the different manuals, which have now become an essential feature to our modern organs. An organ in the present day includes several manuals, each with its own arrangement of stops. In former times, each was looked upon as a separate organ, and an instrument with two manuals was called a double organ. The old-fashioned term "a pair of organs," hardly applied to an instrument with a pair of manuals, or manual and pedal, as it was given to an instrument with but one manual and no pedals. Its



Musical Life in London.



The Opera Houses.

The plural heading here used can only apply to the first ten days of May, during which period the Carl Rosa visit was drawing to an end and Italian Opera starting on yet another venturesome campaign. At Drury Lane things remained prosperous to the very last. During the final week there was such a demand for seats that the theatre could have been filled twice over every night. To this good fortune a fair share was contributed by Mr. Villiers Stanford's new opera, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," produced on April 28th, and received with decided favour. There may be some doubt as to the elements of popularity contained in this work, but as to its musically merit and the exceptional excellence of Mr. Gilbert à Beckett's book there cannot be two opinions. Lucky indeed was the young English composer to meet with a *collaborateur* capable of supplying him with such a quaint story of mediæval English life, told in the terse, spirited language of the period, and endowed with lyrics as graceful as they are poetical. Thanks to this charming comedy of the olden days, and to the faultless accuracy with which the whole opera was mounted, Mr. Carl Rosa was enabled to give his patrons a realistic picture of the scenes and characters suggested by Chaucer's immortal "Tales." The rendering of the music was no less admirable. Mr. Stanford has given marked prominence to the orchestra, and his ceaseless flow of instrumentation was subdued in such able fashion as to suggest rather than conspicuously assert intimate connection with the progress of the action. The chorus, again, did more than sing well; each individual contrived to act and display an intelligent interest in what was going on upon the stage. Rarely in operatic history has a scene been imbued with such animation and realism as the last act of the "Canterbury Pilgrims," wherein the meddling rustics convert themselves into the judges quite as much as the spectators of Hubert's trial before that inane old justice, Sir Christopher Syng. But for the wonderful "go" of this humorous scene, more notice would assuredly have been taken of the fact that the last act is, dramatically speaking, superfluous, the main plot of the story virtually ending with Sir Christopher's exposure at the hands of his irate spouse. The chief performers were well fitted with their parts, save in the instance of Miss Marian Burton, who was too young and inexperienced for the rôle of Dame Margery. Miss Clara Perry was a delightful Cicely, and had in Mr. B. Davies a capital partner as the bold young 'prentice Hubert. Mr. Ludwig was droll as the amorous knight, while Mr. Snazelle looked and acted "mine host of the Tabard" to the life. Mr. Stanford conducted the four performances of his opera, and had the satisfaction of being loudly applauded on each occasion. The "Trovatore" representation with which the Carl Rosa season terminated included a splendid cast, the impresario himself

acting as conductor; and not the least agreeable feature of the night was Mr. Augustus Harris's announcement that the Carl Rosa Company would return to Drury Lane next year for a lengthy stay.

At Covent Garden events have not been fraught with interest of a very notable character. For the opening night of the season Ponchielli's clever opera "La Gioconda" was given, with the same artists as last year, except in the part of Laura, which was satisfactorily undertaken by a *débutante*, Madame Laterner. Madame Maria Durand has now appeared in several characters—more recently the Marguerites of "Faust" and "Mefistofele"—and, like a painstaking, versatile artist, is good in all; but as Gioconda she rises to a height of tragic and declamatory excellence unapproached in the other impersonations. Madame Pauline Lucca has been delighting *habitues* quite as much as when they first raved about her—nearly twenty years ago. Her Valentina, on the night of her *entrée*, proved a splendid display of vocal and histrionic power, and her subsequent assumption of Leonora was one of the few redeeming features in an exceedingly moderate performance of "Il Trovatore." Madame Tremelli's Azucena is always forcible and picturesque, while Manrico gives Signor Mierzwinski a good opportunity of showing off his high notes, which are capital when they happen to be in tune. Madame Sembrich reappeared in "Lucia," and later on in "L'Etoile du Nord" with her wonted success. Hard work in America has not impaired the phenomenal vocal powers of this gifted artist, whose command of brilliant *tours de force* and notes in the highest portion of the register, is as remarkable as heretofore. In a dramatic sense her Catarina suffers by inevitable comparison with Madame Patti's, but in other respects it might be worthy of the *diva* herself. By the way, in Meyerbeer's opera Signor de Reszké undertook the part of Pietro for the first time, and with distinguished success; he is a thorough artist, and adorns every character he assumes with dignity and expression. Prasovia introduced, in Mdlle. Albu (a light soprano and an Englishwoman), the only *débutante* of the season who so far merited unqualified acceptance. Madame Laterner may turn out a useful dramatic singer, and more will be heard of her in "Colomba," the production of which is at hand; but Mdlle. Lerias Marguérité de Valois, and Herr Gottschalk as the Count de Luna proved undeniably below the Covent Garden average. Madame Albani had seldom been heard to greater advantage than on the occasion of her *entrée* in "La Traviata," but indisposition prevented her singing during the following week, and it was not until May 20th that the popular prima donna re-appeared in "Mefistofele." In this *résumé* I have been speaking of individual artists, rather than of the operas as they have in turn been produced. Such, however, is the natural result when so far only a familiar repertory has been worked upon, and interest has of necessity centred in

the "bright, particular star" rather than the general characteristics of the performance. Nevertheless the standard of previous seasons has, on the whole, been maintained, notably in the choral and orchestral departments; while the conductors, Signor Bevignani and M. Dupont, have striven, so far as in them lay, to secure good results. The audiences, too, have been tolerably large on the average.

St. James's Hall.

Orchestral concerts form so expensive an undertaking, that, unless well supported by subscribers, or associated with some attraction of a special kind, they can rarely be made to pay. Probably, Senor Sarasate, who is giving a series at St. James's Hall, with Mr. Cusins as conductor, has already found this out. He must have discovered, ere this, that it is much more profitable to mount a concert platform with a large fee assured, than to have to pay eighty instrumentalists, hall, advertising, and other incidental expenses, before a penny goes into his own purse. The Spanish violinist is a deserved favourite with the public, and to this is due the fact that he has steered clear of absolute disaster; still his concerts have not been fully attended, and he will scarcely repeat them next year. I need not dwell on any of these performances, at which only familiar works have been given, save one or two minor solos introduced by the concert-giver. Enough that Senor Sarasate's playing continues to wield the same magic charm that caused it to hold a Philharmonic audience spell-bound when first heard in London in Mendelssohn's concerts—a marvellous, albeit, not a strictly artistic rendering of that masterpiece; not great in the highest sense, but inimitable for charm of style and dazzling brilliancy of execution.

Another virtuoso—cast in a very different mould, still a decided musical individuality—Dr. Hans von Bülow, has also been engaging the attention of amateurs during the past month. On his own account, the famous pianist came forward with the modest enterprise of three recitals. Unaided, unimposing but unquestionably remunerative! Each recital was well attended, especially the last, given on May 15th; but those who went to the first heard Dr. von Bülow at his best. Seldom has intellectuality, combined with mastery of technical resource, produced such remarkable results as were attained in the third grand sonata (Op. 5) of Brahms. Thus interpreted, the work was a revelation to those who thought they previously knew it. At the last recital, Dr. von Bülow paid English music a pretty compliment by playing Sterndale Bennett's sonata, "The Maid of Orleans," and the feature of the programme, after this, was his rendering, with Mr. Oscar Beringer, of Brahms's grand duet for two pianos, on a chorale of Haydn's. Altogether the visit of this distinguished artist, who has probably altered his ideas concerning the state of musical culture in this country, was a complete success.

Three subscription concerts have been given this year by Henry Leslie's Choir, the last taking place on Saturday afternoon, May 17th. A wiser judgment has prevailed in the formation of the programmes than was noticeable in previous seasons since the resuscitation of the choir. A tendency was growing up to give quite as much of an instrumental as a vocal character to the performances. In a word, the choir was being shifted into the background, and soloists were gradually coming to be regarded as the attractive element. A more grievous mistake could not have been made. However, it was seen and checked in time. In the series of concerts just concluded, choral pieces have formed the staple of the work accomplished, agreeably leavened by the efforts of two or three well-known artists at each performance. The production of Spohr's unaccompanied Vocal Mass, a composition bristling with difficulties, and altogether beyond the choral societies of fifty years ago, was a distinct feather in the cap of Mr. Randerdger, who has shown himself eminently capable of taking up the baton resigned by Mr. Henry Leslie.

Too little notice has been taken of the concert given by the London Musical Society, in St. James's Hall, towards the end of last month. Young as it is, the London Musical Society has done good work by bringing out the high-class compositions of dead and living masters. One at least, the "Stabat Mater" of Dvorak, was destined to make a great stir, when subsequently rendered. No such *chef-d'œuvre* was in the scheme of the concert under notice, but it was highly interesting to listen to clever pieces like Hiller's cantata "Oh! weep for these," Brahms' "Vier Gesänge" (with their quaintly original accompaniment for harp and two horns), Jensen's cantata, "The Feast of Adonis," and Schumann's ballad for solo voices and chorus, "The King's Son." More than one of these will assuredly be heard again soon.

The regular series of Ballad Concerts ended some weeks ago, but Mr. John Boosey, as is his wont, has been giving two or three additional concerts, presumably for the more especial delectation of ballad lovers, who are not here to attend the winter entertainments. The evening concert on May 3rd, was largely attended, and a popular selection of songs was given by the favourites whose assistance has become a time-honoured feature of Mr. Boosey's undertaking. Madame Valleria was to have varied the list of artists, but could not appear in consequence of serious illness, from which she has now happily quite recovered, and the clever prima donna was down to sing at the last extra concert on May 24th. On both these occasions Madame Essipoff played pianoforte solos. The gifted Russian artist has never been heard to greater advantage than this season, and her visit is particularly welcome. Her two recitals have drawn crowds of amateurs, who have listened with rapt attention and delight to playing that combines the highest order of reading and execution.

At the Bach Choir Concert, on May 14th, that once irreproachable body of amateurs did not at all distinguish itself in the rendering of

Mozart's "Requiem." To a great extent the conductor, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, was to blame, his *tempi* being unconventional enough to offend all preconceived notions as to the correct interpretation of Mozart's "Swan song." Still the quality of the Bach Choir voices is not so good as it was, and the same care in preparation is evidently not taken. Mr. Goldschmidt will have to look to this, if he would maintain the reputation of his choir.

The Philharmonic and Richter Concerts.

The fifth Philharmonic Concert, on May 8th, had for conductor, Mr. Frederic H. Cowen, who laboured to a great extent under the disadvantage of having to take in hand an orchestra vexed and muddled—there is no other term to express it—by the varied styles of the three conductors that had previously in turn wielded the Society's baton this year. Under the circumstances Mr. Cowen acquitted himself remarkably well. To say that he imbued his band with any individuality of his own would be going too far, but he certainly contrived to get done what he apparently desired. The Philharmonic orchestra consists of as fine a body of instrumentalists as there is in the country. Quality of tone, intelligence, and experience, they possess already; it must depend upon the conductor to bring out the rest. Under Mr. Cowen's guidance they did not lack either precision or refinement, and these, besides other good points, were made manifest in Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Schumann's "Genoveva" overture, and Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude. The last-named work, coming at the end of the first part of the concert, was so well rendered that the audience recalled Mr. Cowen to the platform and give him a round of hearty applause. Perhaps his greatest success of the evening was in directing the Raff pianoforte concerto. The solo was played in masterly fashion by Dr. Hans von Bülow, who, in responding to the enthusiastic cheers of the audience, expressed, with profuse gesture, his appreciation of the manner in which he had been accompanied. A vocal scena by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, was the sole novelty of the scheme. It is a "Scène Religieuse," written to French stanzas, from Racine's poem "Esther," and is charmingly scored. Mr. Santley interpreted the piece in his most artistic style.

To judge by the poor attendance at the first two or three Richter Concerts, it might have been supposed that the great Viennese conductor had lost some of his potent influence he has acquired over English amateurs. The initiated knew better. There were explanations for this paucity of numbers at the start, into which it is not worth while to enter now; besides, never has the subscription been so large as this season—a fact amply attested by the appearance of St. James's Hall at the more recent performances. In an artistic sense, Herr Richter's enterprise has maintained the even tenour of its excellence. Due place has been accorded in the various schemes, to the masters of his predilection—Beethoven and Wagner—but room has been found to an equally fitting extent for other great orches-

tral composers. At one concert even Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony was heard in company with Mozart's "Zauberflöte" overture, and Beethoven's C minor symphony. On the following Monday the programme was still more "mixed," although not entirely of such unexceptionable material this time. For example, very few cared for M. Jules de Swert's violoncello concerto—so called, but really not a concerto at all—while others failed at first hearing to probe the depths or admire the sombre grandeur of Brahms' "Gesang des Parzen." On the other hand Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony and MacKenzie's exquisitely-orchestrated ballad, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," were things to be understood and appreciated, especially when interpreted to absolute perfection. At the concert of May 11th, an important addition to the rich store of classical masterpieces was produced in Brahms's new symphony in F, Op. 90. This is not a work to be estimated once for all on first acquaintance, but it is worthy to rank side by side with the two previous symphonies from Brahms's pen. Of its four movements the first and last are the finest, but throughout the orchestration is superb, while the simple orthodox construction of the entire symphony is not its least remarkable feature. Much praise is due to Herr Richter, alike for his energy in securing Englishmen such an early hearing of the work, and for the irreproachable performance, wherewith he introduced it to his patrons, who requited every thing by the hearty, spontaneous warmth with which they applauded every movement. Herr Richter repeated the symphony at the concert of May 26th. On the intervening Monday a brief, but interesting scheme included some newly-arranged excerpts from Wagner's tetralogy, "Der Ring des Nibelungen," given in addition to Siegfried's "Trauermarsch," and the "Walkürenritt." The latter was encored, and the whole selection was quite to the taste of an audience that contained more than an ordinary sprinkling of the Teutonic element.

Royal Albert Hall.

Now that the Choral Concerts have come to an end for the present, there is little doing in the big building at Kensington Gore. Indeed, the only event of the month, worthy of record, was Mr. Ambrose Austin's annual concert. A wonderful combination of attractions was put forward, and, strangely enough, failed to draw nearly so large an assemblage as frequently gathers in the Albert Hall on much smaller provocation. However, enthusiasm was not lacking, and there was endless applause for all the popular artists who put in an appearance. Among these, Madame Albani was not, indisposition preventing her from keeping her promise. But Mr. Sims Reeves was as good as his word, and in the duet "All's well," sung with Mr. Santley, created quite the old furore. Madame Valleria, too, had recovered sufficiently to make her first appearance since her return from America, while another operatic favourite, Madame Scalchi, was greeted once more with genuine signs of contentment. It was a capital concert altogether, and in a purely musical sense one of the best Mr. Austin has given.

St. Paul's Cathedral

THE Cathedral of St. Paul's, London, occupies the highest ground in that city.

In an alley, north of the Cathedral, connecting Paternoster Row with Aldersgate Street, is an ancient stone, with a bas-relief, under which is incised,—“Wher y havesorach The City Round Yet still This is the highest ground,” and dated 1666. On this site, we are told stood in early times a temple to Diana; during excavations, in 1830, necessary for the building of Goldsmith's Hall, a stone altar was found bearing an image of Diana. Subsequently we find this ground occupied by a Roman camp, then a Saxon temple, which in time gave way to a Christian church, built by Ethelbert, King of Kent. In 694 A.D., Sebbi, King of the East Saxons, was buried in this church. St. Erkenwald enlarged the building, which, however, was damaged by fire and restored in 962, as appears from an Anglo-Saxon chronicle. Again, in 1087, it was consumed by fire and again rebuilt, this time by Bishop Maurice, on a stupendous scale; he, however, did not live to complete his designs, but the building was continued by his successors till 1137, when it was again burnt. In 1221 the campanile was completed, and the new choir consecrated on Oct. 1st, 1240. The transept was next built, and by the commencement of the 14th century the eastern arm of the Cathedral seems to have been finished; the high altar being dedicated in 1339. In 1444 fire again broke out, supposed to have been caused by lightning. In 1561 the church was again in flames, and the memorable fire of London, in 1666, spared not the Cathedral, leaving it a heap of ruins.

It is vain to attempt to realise “Old St. Paul's,” as it is always called; perhaps no church was ever richer in altars, for in old writers we have mention of no fewer than 55 chapels or chantries, the sites of many of which are quite unknown; nor have we any authentic dimensions of the building, for the best authorities differ considerably. The entire length has recently been ascertained by Mr. Penrose, the surveyor of the present Cathedral, to have been 585ft.; the height of the vaulting was about 100 feet, or equal to that at Westminster Abbey, now the highest roof in the country; and the spire, which was of wood, seems to have risen at least 500 feet from the ground.

At the base of one of the columns in the nave was carved the foot of Algeir, the first prebendary of Islington, which became the standard measure for land.

Before a tomb, supposed to be that of Duke Humphrey, it was the custom to strew herbs and sprinkle them with water; this was well-known to strollers in want of a dinner, hence the saying of dining with Duke Humphrey. This tomb was really that of Sir John de Beauchamp, 1374; Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was buried in St. Alban's Abbey.

The choir was approached by a flight of steps, being over the crypt, as at Canterbury. A few only of the historical events connected with this remarkable building may be noticed in so brief a sketch. Here King Edmund

Ironsides was crowned. Wickliffe asserted his new teaching before the Archbishop of Canterbury. The obsequies of Henry V. were performed here, and the body of Henry VI. exposed before the high altar, in an open coffin, referred to by Shakespear,

“Come, now, toward Chertsey, with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there.”

“King Richard III.,” Act 1, Scene ii.

There were many curious customs observed in Old St. Paul's. At the installation of a bishop the canons wore garlands of red roses. On certain occasions the boys of the choir, personating the bishop, dean, canons, and choral dignitaries, performed the services, and were afterwards entertained by those they personated. At other times the choir ascended the building to a considerable height, singing as they went.

The interior of the building was frightfully desecrated; sellers of merchandise were to be found daily at certain parts of the nave transacting business; in the south aisle the usurers collected, while simony was carried on in the north aisle, where was also held a horse fair. Ben Jonson, in “Every man out of his humour,” laid a scene in the centre aisle of the nave, then known as Paul's Walk; here met gallants, wits, and deceitful persons, to discuss the topics of the day; besides which it had become a common thoroughfare, where might be seen men carrying beer, fish, or meat, drunkards lying about, men buying their tobacco, and women shopping, for various trades were carried on beneath the sacred roof, no one thinking of the sanctity of the place. Could profanation reach a higher pitch? But this was not all; at the west door was drawn, in 1569, the first lottery in England; from the parapets of the building were performed feats of rope-dancing, etc.; the cloisters were let out to trunk makers, who greatly disturbed the services by their hammering; indeed, does it not seem remarkable, the church having become so desecrated, that services were performed at all?

Recently the churchyard surrounding the Cathedral has been converted into a public garden, and in disturbing the soil were found some extremely interesting foundations, namely, on the south side those of some of the buttresses of the 14th century chapter house, and part of the cloisters, which were two-storied; the chapter house occupied a unique position, in the centre of the cloister court; at the east end, part of the eastern pier of the ancient structure, from which the length of the building has been determined; and on the north side, part of the foundations of Paul's Cross, an open-air pulpit from which many stirring sermons have been preached to excited crowds; between the buttresses of the north wall of the choir were erected boxes for the king and nobles when they came to listen.

Indigo Jones, who restored the Cathedral in the 18th century, greatly Italianised the interior of the nave, but not content with this, he erected, at the west end, a Greek portico, dreadfully out of keeping with the style of the building; later on, repairs being again necessary, Sir Christopher Wren was consulted, who recommended removing the central tower piers and constructing a dome, in order to greatly enlarge the central portion of the

church; but ere any steps were taken London with her churches and Cathedral was in flames; what of ancient interest was then lost to eternity can never be known, but some faint idea may be gleaned from the fact that Sir Christopher Wren re-built over fifty churches, besides the Cathedral. The following passage from Milton is generally allowed to refer to the old building:

“But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.”

The ancient structure being destroyed beyond restoration, Sir Christopher Wren was desired to design a new Cathedral; and, fully appreciating the value of a large central space, designed a spacious dome, from which radiated four greater and four lesser aisles, the greater forming a Greek cross, all communicating with a circular aisle; at the end of the western greater aisle he placed a smaller dome, with an entrance on either side, and approached from the west through a grand vestibule. This, which is known as Wren's favourite design, did not suit the taste of the Duke of York and others, and Wren, although allowed to retain a dome had to remodel the design so as to carry out the usual formula, namely, a Latin cross with side aisles, and in doing this there can be little doubt he was greatly guided by the ground plan of Ely Cathedral. Grand as the present building is, it is to be lamented that the great architect was not allowed to have his own way; however, he has left us a large model of his original design; let us hope a time will come when this noble work will be justly appreciated, and England will see it rise on a scale inferior not even to St. Peter's at Rome.

The present building was commenced in 1675 and finished in 1710, having been built by one architect, one master mason, and during the lifetime of one Bishop. It is unquestionably the grandest and most imposing building in London; and although greatly shut in by the surrounding shops and warehouses, may be seen to great advantage from Cannon Street.

There are many interesting points in the structure which must not be passed unnoticed; the dome, by many pronounced the most beautiful in existence, certainly extremely elegant and light in outline, is supported on eight arches (an entirely original idea); the piers on which these arches rest incline inwards as they rise, in order to carry the thrust of the dome to the ground with the least possible amount of material, thus avoiding the excessively massive masonry which would otherwise have been necessary, and would seriously have blocked up the interior. The thrust of the inner dome is partly overcome by the weight of the brick cone which carries the stone lantern over the outer dome, which is of wood covered with lead. The interior elevation of the choir, nave, and transepts is divided into three; the grand tier of arches, the attic, and the vault; the attic has been greatly con-

denmed by architects as ungrammatical, but Wren was not a copyist, and certainly it adds greatly to the dignity of the interior, and helps the mind to realise the height of the vault.

On entering the Cathedral by the north transept door the vastness of the building is at once felt, and produces an impression which the mind never loses, even while wandering through the lesser aisles.

In the crypt, which extends under the entire church, have been buried many of whom England is justly proud. Immediately under the centre of the dome was interred in 1805 Lord Nelson, on whose tomb stands a black marble sarcophagus, originally intended for a monument to Cardinal Wolsey; a few steps eastward lies the great Duke of Wellington, whose funeral car, cast from guns he had taken, is still preserved at the west end of the crypt. The portion beneath the choir is fitted up as a chapel, and here are held, except on Sundays, two services daily. At the eastern end of the south aisle lie many of our most celebrated artists, namely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1792; James Barry, 1806; John Opie, 1807; Sir Thomas Lawrence, 1830; J. M. W. Turner, 1851; and Sir Edwin Landseer, 1873. Close by lies Sir Christopher Wren, and John Rennie, who designed Waterloo Bridge.

The only musicians buried here are Dr. Boyce and Attwood. Sir John Goss was organist before Dr. Stainer, who now holds that important office, assisted by Dr. Martin.

The organ dates from 1694, when it was erected by Bernard Schmidt, but has been much enlarged; some of the original stops, however, still form part of this most perfect instrument. Until recently it stood over the centre of the screen which shut off the choir from the rest of the church; this has since been removed and the organ divided, the swell and choir organs being placed on the south side, the solo and great on the north, at the entrance to the choir; the pedal pipes are arranged under one of the choir arches. The carving of the choir stalls and the organ case, which is an instance of how great an ornament an organ may be made to a building, is by Grinling Gibbons, and is extremely rich.

The choir, consisting of 12 men and 32 boys, is certainly not surpassed if equalled within the kingdom.

Musical life,

PAST AND PRESENT.

G L A S G O W.

Tradition has it that our patron saint had a good voice, and that, regardless of weather, he often found his way to the Molendinar, in the middle of whose classic waters he would chant the Psalms of David to his heart's content. In those sixth-century days antiphonal singing was not, it is recorded, unknown in Glasgow. St. Ambrose's influence had, doubtless, penetrated our western shores, for when St. Columba came "with a train" to visit his Glasgow brother, the choirs of the respective apostles sang *alternatim*. Mr. Macgregor, in his most readable history, tells us, moreover, that the "choral festival lasted for some time." Thus early did the "concord of sweet sounds" assert itself hereabouts; and did not the saints amongst Iona's own clergy earn for themselves some fame as skilled performers on the harp? Centuries had come and gone since those Icolmkill worthies tuned their lyres in sympathy with their honest, primitive tastes.

The kingdom of Strathclyde had fallen, Bishop Joceline's episcopate had witnessed the erection of the Cathedral, the University had been founded, and the battle of Langside had "settled the fate of Scotland." Historians touch but lightly on the musical art of those days, and for, doubtless, the sufficient reason that they had really nothing of importance to narrate. Anyhow, within a dozen years of the encounter just named there was an effort made to quicken an interest in music throughout Scotland. It was, moreover, a royal effort. James the First foresaw the designs of the rigid Calvinists. Fanatical zeal was rampant, and apprehension was felt lest music should be regarded as yet another symbol of Antichrist. On the 11th November, 1579, then, an Act was passed by the Scottish Parliament "For instruction of the youth in the art of musick and singing, quhilik is almaist decayit, and sall shortly decay without tymous remeid be prouidit. Oure souerane lord, with anise o' his Thrie Estates in this present Parliament requestis the prost, baillies, counsall, and communie of the most speciaill burrowis o' this realme, and of the patronis and prouestis o' the colleges quhair sang scuillis ar foundat, to erect and sett up an Sang Scuill, with ane maister sufficient and abell for instruction of the yowth in the said science of musick, as they will answer to his hienes upoun the perrell o' their foundations." Glasgow, however, did not exactly rise to the occasion. *Sang Scuills* flourished in several provincial towns for a long time, and, notably, in Aberdeen. But the local one was, it appears, a poor affair from the outset, and it soon ceased to exist. A minute from the Town Council records, of date December, 1588, shows, indeed, that it was resolved to sell the building in order to defray the expenses incidental to a visitation of the "Pest." In 1638 an effort was made to revive the "musick school," and two teachers, at least, did, presumably, their best to further the interests of the art here. Their exertions were, however, not attended with any measure of success, for a record of the day states that the school had "altogether decayit within this burgh, to the grait discredit o' this citie, and discontentment o' sindrie honest men within the same, who hes baunes whom they wold have instructit in that art." Half a century later on, an eminent teacher was imported from France, and, oddly enough, by way of Aberdeen. The music school in the Granite City has just been referred to, and here it was where Louis de France taught for the first time in Scotland, and with so much success. Louis was "the scholler of the famous musician, M. Lambert, being the King of France's chiefe musician, for the method and manner to conduct the voyses." The Aberdonians were not permitted to retain the Frenchman's services beyond a very short period, for the Edinburgh folks engaged him on more lucrative terms, and it was in 1691 that he found his way to Glasgow, when he entered into an arrangement with the Town Council to pursue his loved vocation. In the earlier years of the present century lively attention was devoted to local musical matters, and, at the moment, we are reminded of the "Gentleman's Concerts," which took place in the Ingram Street Assembly Rooms. The great plain-stanes magnates turned out to enjoy a Haydn symphony. They understood the genial old man's clear-cut of melody, and drew as largely as circumstances permitted from the Pierian spring. Beethoven's works had not, probably, at this period travelled so far north, though, by the way, it is known that towards the latter end of the 18th century Mrs. Bowster's Leicester circle was well acquainted with more than one of the Bonn master's quartets. And while touching on those old-world days, we cannot omit reference to the worthy trio of enthusiasts who fostered a taste for the glee in Glasgow, and at the early hour of six of the clock a.m. The three met, stately, at this hour for practice, the "Larks," as they were christened by Mrs. Grant of Laggan, often paying for their musical zeal in the shape of hasty enough breakfast, and, mayhap, a withering frown from the counting-house superior. Two, at least of the "Larks," it should be mentioned, attained leading positions in the city, and one in especial, accumulated a most valuable musical library. It was bequeathed to a local institution, but access to the books can only, unfortunately, be obtained at the cost of a good deal of trouble. Our premier musical organisation—the "Choral Union"—dates from 1854. An adequate history of the ups and downs of the society remains to be written, and, could one of its esteemed Honorary Vice-Presidents be induced to do the needful, his book would, sure enough, form a volume of abiding interest. Other societies doing good work include the Glasgow Tonic Sol-Fa Choir, the

South Side Choral Society, the Hillhead, Partick, and Rutherglen Societies, and the Glasgow Select Choir. The last-named has, indeed, earned for itself, and worthily too, a name far beyond the ken of local circles. Each and all of the organisations just mentioned, and several others of a kindred nature, have appealed with success during the season which is now a thing of the past.

For several months to come, local amateurs will have, as usual, to content themselves with the agreeable promenade concerts at the Botanic Gardens, and the visits of travelling parties. At the gardens, some excellent music is discoursed by the band of the 93rd Highlanders, under the guidance of Herr Becker, an able musician, who has served the regiment faithfully and well for many years. A sample of travelling parties have recently fulfilled engagements in the city, the "Royal English Opera Company," at the Gaiety, and Mr. Jackson's "Nell Gwynne" combination, at the Grand Theatre. On the whole, Mr. Carl Ross's "opposition"—for as such it is fairly enough viewed—did not receive the support it deserved, though, as the company became better known, the audiences were more encouraging. On the second last night of the engagement, the house was, indeed, filled, and much satisfaction was expressed at, in all circumstances, the wonderfully good representation of the "Marriage of Figaro." Very creditable performances of "Maritana," "Faust," "Fra Diavolo," and other favourite works, were also given, the castes having included Mesdames Julia Gaylord, Lucy Franklin, and Phillipine Seidle, Messrs. Packard, Turner, Fox, and Sauvage. The last-named artist was, if we mistake not, new to Glasgow. It is not too much to say, that, both as a vocalist, and as an actor, he has created an impression that will stand him in good stead when he again finds his way north. There were complaints as to the weakness of the band and chorus, and not without reason. At Mr. Charles's house, M. Planquetti's latest work secured signal favour, excellent houses greeting nightly the "pretty, witty Nell." The company was a fairly good one, comprising Miss Constance Loseby—in the title rôle—Mrs. Mary Dalton, and Mr. Lionel Rignold, a thoroughly amusing "Beadle."

The annual concert of the Glasgow Academy Choir has long since attained the distinction of a popular event. On the occasion under notice the success achieved was so marked, that the concert given in St. Andrew's Hall, on the 9th ult., was, by request, repeated on the evening of the 20th May, for the benefit of the Royal and the Western infirmaries. The choir numbers over one hundred, the voices including a contingent of "big boys," who, year after year, rally round the standard of their old teacher, and with praiseworthy zeal, Mr. McLaren has credited by them all, and the good work he is doing amongst the youngsters cannot fail to develop gratifying results. Let it not be imagined that the music produced at these annual gatherings, is of a trivial complexion, on the contrary, it is always sound and interesting. This time it comprised, *inter alia*, Berthold Tours's anthem, "Blessing, Glory, Wisdom," Barnby's "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works," Mendelssohn's motett, "Jubilate Deo," a song and chorus from the "May Queen," and Henry Smart's cantata, "The Fisher Maidens." The singing throughout both evenings was remarkable for good tone, and expression; intelligent attention was invariably paid to the conductor's behests. A lady and gentleman gave the necessary pianoforte and harmonium accompaniments, in excellent taste. A new song found a most acceptable place in the programme. This was Mr. Hume's "Sailor, my Sailor," a flowing ditty, which was loudly encored, proving one of the "hits" of the evening.

UTILITY VERSUS ART.—A practical New England mother thus counselled her son when he became of marriageable age, with respect to "musical" young ladies: "If the young lady manifests a predilection for Strauss, she is frivolous; for Beethoven, she is impractical; for Liszt, she is too ambitious; for Verdi, she is sentimental; for Offenbach, she is giddy; for Gounod, she is lackadaisical; for Gottschalk, she is superficial; for Mozart, she is prudish; for Flotow, she is commonplace; for Wagner, she is idiotic. The girl who hammers away at the 'Maiden's Prayer,' 'Anvil Chorus,' and 'Silvery Waves,' may be depended upon as a good cook, and healthful; and if she includes the 'Battle of Prague' and the 'White Cockade' in her repertoire, you ought to know she has been religiously and strictly nurtured. But last of all, pin thou thy faith upon the calico dress of the girl who cannot play at all!"

Letters from Our Correspondents.

ABERDEEN.

MAY 23RD.

Since date of last communication, the remaining musical events of the season have taken place, and the various societies are now enjoying the usual annual period of repose which remains uninterrupted until the return of the long evenings. So far as regards the "Choral Union," and the "Tonic Sol-Fa Institute," the work of the immediate future is already foreshadowed, Costa's "Eli" being in the hands of the members of the former, while the latter promise a revival of the "Elijah." It falls here to be mentioned that a serious loss is at this time being sustained by the removal of Mr. James N. Justice to England. Mr. Justice has been actively and prominently associated with the musical life and work of the city for nearly thirty years, his valuable services being both varied and readily available. He was for a lengthy period the popular leader of the "Choral Union" band, which may fairly be viewed as the nursery and training school of large numbers of the present race of instrumentalists. Appearing one evening as leading violin, on another as organist, on another with the 'cello, and occasionally doing yeoman work with the double bass, the familiar face was seldom from the orchestra. Enough has, therefore, been said to convey an idea of the loss the departure of Mr. Justice means to music in Aberdeen. He cannot fail to prove a gain, however, in his new sphere, to which he has justly been promoted in recognition of long and faithful labours in the Customs Department of Her Majesty's service.

The "Philharmonic" made an excellent appearance at their final concert for the season. The feature of the evening was a highly creditable performance of the "Unfinished Symphony," with which the members may now be considered familiar. Otherwise the programme was more or less new, Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture being presented for the first time, and meeting with a reception that deservedly points to its repetition. A local lady sang sweetly, and a lady violinist from the south largely popularised the proceedings, the clever playing of the latter being the subject of general admiration. Herr Reiter was at his usual post as conductor and falls to be congratulated on the progress of the society.

The "Choral Society" finished its season by a concert of a miscellaneous character, chiefly consisting of an interesting selection of part songs, several of the members coming to the front as soloists, and contributing much to the enjoyableness of the entertainment. This society, which is one of our oldest, appears to be in a flourishing condition, and to be renewing its youth, through an acquisition of a number of fresh, young voices to its ranks.

BIRMINGHAM.

MAY 26TH.

The latter end of the month of May has brought musical doings in Birmingham for the present to a conclusion. Resuming the narrative of events which appeared in the last number of the "Magazine of Music." Mr. Stockley's fourth concert for the 1883-4 season, which took place on the 24th of April, may be noticed. The programme was a good one, but some disappointment was felt at the withdrawal therefrom of Dr. Villiers Stanford's Serenade in G (produced at the last Birmingham Festival), and the substitution of Gadi's fourth symphony. Sullivan's overture, "In Memoriam," was played for the first time in Birmingham, and the other purely orchestral pieces were two of Dvorák's Schluvische Danus, Weller's "Der Freischütz," overture, and the ballet-music in G from Schubert's "Rosamunde." Miss Nannie Reynolds (daughter of the talented double-bass player) made her first appearance here in Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise in E flat. Mr. Stimpson played Handel's fourth Concerto, with newly-scored accompaniments; and Mr. Reynolds displayed his extraordinary skill as a contra-bassist in Lasserre's violoncello fantasia on airs in Auber's "Fra Diavolo." The vocal music, contributed by Madame Patey and Mr. Maas, comprised examples by Gounod, Meyerbeer, Hindel, Wagner, Haydn, and Watson.

Some meetings of secondary importance may be briefly

referred to. There was a Tonic Sol-Fa gathering at the Town Hall, on the 1st of the present month, when Dr. Stainer's sacred Cantata, "St. Mary Magdalene," was given for the first time in Birmingham, and the choir sang a sight-singing test, composed for the occasion by Mr. A. R. Gaul. Our local harpist, Mr. D. Ffrench Davis, held his Annual Harp Festival on the 5th of May, in aid of a District Church Building Fund; neither artistically nor financially, however, was success secured, the exhibitions by the young lady harpists being less satisfactory than they have been on former occasions. On the 7th of May the Edgbaston Amateur Musical Union gave an orchestral concert at the Masonic Hall, under the conductorship of Mr. A. J. Sutton, the principal item in the programme being Mendelssohn's first Symphony, opus-11. This work, the one with which the composer made his first appearance before an English audience (at a Philharmonic Concert in 1829), had never before been heard in Birmingham. The performance was very creditable to the amateurs who undertook it, but the impression produced was not promising of a repetition. On the 17th inst., a "Messiah" performance was given in response to a suggestion by the Mayor (Alderman Cook), in aid of the Saturday Hospital Relief Fund, a fund raised by contributions from the working people of the town. Mrs. Hutchinson, a lady of great gifts and accomplishments, who has won a place as one of the best of native oratorio singers, took the soprano solos, and won golden opinions. The other principal vocalists were local artists, and the choruses and accompaniments were given by the choir and band of the Birmingham Musical Association, under the conductorship of Mr. C. J. Stevens. An excellent concert, in aid of the St. Philip's Church Restoration Fund, was given at the Midland Institute, on the 20th inst., Miss Santley appearing as principal vocalist, and several amateur and professional musicians contributing to a high-class and interesting entertainment.

During the past week the Carl Rosa Opera Company have given six performances of opera in English, at the Theatre Royal. The chief interest centred in the new opera, by Dr. Stanford, which was seen and heard for the first time out of London on the 19th inst. Whatever may be the position which this new specimen of native musical art will occupy in time to come, there can be no question as to its being full of masterly writing. The manner in which the 13th century round, "Sumer is icumen in," is made to furnish themes for imitation, proves that the composer knows how to use simple material for the production of beautiful effects.

The announcement of "The Canterbury Pilgrims" for performance brought to the theatre a large number of the musical people of the district (professional and amateur), and the general verdict was very favourable, although it cannot be denied that the music is too learned for the ordinary hearer. The intended effects are brought out with clearness, but there is much in the scoring which cannot be thoroughly appreciated at a first hearing. Next in interest to the production of Dr. Stanford's new piece was the performance for the first time in Birmingham of Donizetti's "La Favorita," in which Madame Marie Roze achieved a series of grand successes. On each evening the theatre has been crowded, and the performances have given the most complete satisfaction.

BRADFORD.

MAY 26TH.

In the words of the old English song, of which Mr. Stanford has made large use in his new English opera, "sumer is icumen in," and so far as Bradford is concerned the days, or rather the nights, of the concert-hall are over. Music in public is to be heard only *al fresco*, and for this the town is possessed of somewhat unusual advantages. Although one of those agglomerations of machinery and coal-smoke, where Mr. Ruskin would have it all sense of nature is dead, our local senators have had sufficient appreciation for the free air of heaven and the greenery of plant life, to provide four commodious and beautiful parks for the recreation of our toiling thousands. At Saltaire, where the natural beauty of the surroundings seem less to require it, is another fine park, in some respects the more beautiful than the others. At all these parks it has been customary for

several years to have musical performances on Saturday afternoon or on the evening of some other day of the week throughout the summer; and these are now once more in full force. The music is furnished for the most part by local amateur brass bands, which in this district are many and excellent; the Black Dike band of Messrs. Foster's mills at Queensbury, ranks with the best in the country. The programmes are light in texture, but generally contain one or two standard items. The expenses are defrayed by contribution to the boxes or sheets which are displayed during the performances, and by subscriptions, and the management is in the hands of committees elected by residents in the neighbourhood of the several parks.

On April 21st the Bradford St. Cecilia Society—one of the several choral unions which Mr. Edward Hecht, of Manchester, has formed under that name in the north of England—gave an invitation concert, when they presented the third part of Schumann's "Faust," and Schubert's "Song of Miriam," besides miscellaneous items. Schumann's work, seldom heard, is of great interest; according to competent judges the best of the composer's somewhat numerous efforts in this style of writing. The extreme subtlety of the melodic colouring and the independence of the parts render it, however, difficult to perform. On this occasion its rendering, though creditable, was far from perfect. The society consists largely of ladies and gentlemen, whose taste is better than their execution, and the piano, admirably played as it was by Mr. Hecht, made a poor substitute for Schumann's orchestration.

PLYMOUTH.

MAY 24TH.

The death of Mr. Michael Costa last month lent additional interest to the performance of the veteran composer's "Eli," by the Vocal Association, on the 14th inst. Mr. F. N. Lohr conducted, and the work was rendered with exceptional care and ability.

Miss Fanny Moody, who has made a successful debut in the north, sang the soprano music, and proved herself to be possessed of a voice of great freshness and purity; her rendering of the air, "I will extol Thee," being particularly good and gaining her hearty applause. The choruses were sung throughout steadily and well, the choir being at its best in the number, "Hold not thy peace," introducing the March of the Israelites and the Chorus of Angels, the harp accompaniment to the latter being very effective. Miss Amy Foster, Mr. Harper Kearton, and Mr. Lucas Williams were the other artists engaged.

The Devonport Choral Society gave a concert on the 21st inst. consisting of Gaul's cantata "The Holy City," and a miscellaneous selection. Miss Ada Patterson, who made her debut at Plymouth a few years since, took the soprano music, and gave a brilliant rendering of the air "These are they which came out of great tribulation," the only number of special interest in the work.

CARDIFF.

MAY 26TH.

The most eventful affair of the season has been the Subscription Concert of the Cardiff Choral Society, which took place on the 30th ult., in the Drill Hall. A fine display of ferns and exotics rendered the otherwise cheerless hall quite attractive. In selecting "Elijah," the society may be deemed to have essayed a bold flight, but not, however, without the confidence that they would succeed in giving a true representation of the work. The solos were rendered by Miss Jose Sherrington, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli.

Miss Sherrington displayed considerable intelligence and feeling throughout, but her voice is somewhat inadequate for the requirements of such a work as "Elijah." Miss Hilda Wilson's rendering of "O rest in the Lord," was beyond praise, and in response to a storm of applause, the lady kindly repeated the air.

To Mr. Edward Lloyd was accorded a distinct share of approval. His singing of "If with all your hearts," was especially worthy of notice, being an example of pure and finished vocalisation. The other number calling for special notice was the quartette, "Cast

thy burden," which was beautifully given. Under the conductorship of Mr. D. C. Davis, this society has striven to place creditable work before the public, and in this they have been most successful. Much might be said in praise of their ability, and the town of Cardiff may boast of having a body of vocalists capable of dealing with the highest class of choral music.

BELFAST.

MAY 26TH.

On the 6th inst., the members of the Belfast choir brought their season to a successful close in the Hall of the Constitutional Club. A highly-interesting programme was provided, and executed in a manner which fully maintained the reputation this society enjoys. Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio, "Christus," the fragmentary portions of "Loreley," an opera also unfinished, and selections from Weber's "Preciosa."

The first mentioned of these works was performed for the first time in our town, and the impression made was emphatically one of gratitude to the choir for having given an opportunity of hearing even so much of what Mendelssohn had intended to be his greatest work. The only portions published are "The Birth of Christ," Part I., a recitative, trio, and chorus; "The Sufferings of Christ," Part II., consisting of six choruses, with connecting recitatives and a choral. Mendelssohn was hard at work on "Christus" and "Loreley," when he was seized with a fatal pain in his head, from which he never recovered, and died at Leipzig.

MANCHESTER.

MAY 26TH.

Although the musical season, properly so called, has for some time past been on the wane, yet there have been, and are still, several events both prospective and retrospective, worthy of record in these columns. We are being "let down gently," and not allowed entirely to forget the existence of the divine art by a too sudden absorption into summer pursuits and out-door recreations. The two great orchestral concerts, conducted by Herr Richter, on the 24th and 26th of April, must on every account claim pre-eminence on the list. This renowned conductor visited Manchester last autumn, and though not supported by the public as the excellence of his programme and the greatness of his *prestige* merited, yet he possessed sufficient spirit and confidence to pay us a return visit, when it was hoped and expected that a more satisfactory result would have been obtained. Whether, however, on account of the high prices charged, or the lateness of the season, or a combination of both causes, it is difficult to state with accuracy, but the fact remains that the attendance at the concerts was far below what it ought to have been. Herr Richter, as is his custom, employed the works of Wagner for almost the entire material of both his programmes, although on each occasion a symphony of Beethoven's was introduced, and one or two modern works. But no matter what may be the particular *morceau* selected for performance, the great secret of Herr Richter's success is the astounding power he possesses of infusing his whole spirit into every member of his orchestra, and making them, as it were, at one with himself. Everything performed being conducted entirely from memory, he is at no time fettered by following a score, so that his majestic eye is always ready to fix itself upon any group of instruments or any single performer when a particular "point" or "lead" requires attention. His marvellously retentive memory can grasp, not only a score as a whole, but each individual part of that score, and we believe it is no exaggeration to state that he is able to write out from memory with perfect accuracy any part of the scores which he is in the habit of conducting. With such powers it is easy to understand the absolute control which Herr Richter possesses over his orchestra—a power which when aided as it was on the occasions under notice by the highest executive talent, cannot fail to secure a triumphant success. Herr Richter promises a third visit in the autumn, when it is to be hoped his labours will be more worthily rewarded from a financial point of view.

Mr. Charles Hallé has given two more of his intensely interesting Beethoven Recitals, which are, by the way, another instance of a gigantic memory, every note being given without the assistance of a copy. The recital on May 7, in addition to three of the shorter sonatas, included the great "Waldstein" sonata in C, opus 53, and the "Appassionata" in F minor, opus 57. These two works, especially the latter, are capable of a great variety of "readings" than almost any others of

the series, except, perhaps, the "Sonatas Pathétique." Mr. Hallé's interpretation of each of these is always consistent; a constant *habitus*, always thinking what to expect in any given passage, and even to a casual attendant there is no fear of any startling surprises, which might tend to shock any pre-conceived ideas of the composer's meaning. The two remaining recitals, which will include the later works of the great master have, unfortunately, been postponed a week or two, owing to the death of Mrs. Hallé, the mother of the gifted pianist.

Mr. Hallé has not been alone as an interpreter of Beethoven in Manchester, Mademoiselle Janotta having included the E minor sonata, opus 90, in her recital at the Concert Hall on the 2nd inst. This lady is a disciple of Madame Schumann, whose style she not unsuccessfully copies. She is, however, more happy in her interpretation of Chopin and other modern composers than in the stricter classical school, and she has also made her mark as a composer of light music, with one or two specimens of which she favoured her audience. The concert included several vocal numbers, creditably given by Herr Speigel to the admirable pianoforte accompaniment of Mr. Edward Hecht.

The coming Whitsuntide will see the opening of a new theatre and opera house in Manchester, entitled the "St. James's." The inauguration will be in the able hands of the "Royal Opera Company," who will give six performances, commencing on "Bank Holiday," June 2nd.

During the same week a new park for the southern suburbs of Manchester will be opened, when the occasion will be marked by a series of open-air concerts, under the able auspices of Mr. Edward De Jong.

GLOUCESTER.

MAY 23RD.

The "plethora" of small, and for the most part, indifferent concerts which have been raging in Gloucester during the months of February and April, came to a climax early in May. Consequently there is little of interest to chronicle since, excepting the concluding concert of the season given by the Choral Society. The financial result of the three performances show very varying figures. At the first concert, when Barnett's "Building of the Ship" was given, the balance sheet showed a slight deficit; the second concert, which was of a sacred character, when Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" comprised the programme, was a substantial fiscal success; and the last concert, which took place in the last days of April, did not pay expenses, and appropriated the gain effected by its predecessor. However, this is a side of the question which, while we regret to have to announce it, perhaps does not most concern our readers. Each performance was alike a great success from the musical point of view, and it is regrettable that when such excellent fare is provided sufficient patronage is not forthcoming. Several things—apart from the work itself—militated against the concluding concert. The season of Lent (and in Cathedral towns that is a great consideration) interposed at a most inconvenient time, and the concert was, in consequence, delayed. Then again, the work which the Committee (inadvisably, we think) selected for representation—Gounod's "Redemption"—necessitated a raising of the price, a consideration perhaps, in our poor city, even greater than the one above mentioned; and so between these two misfortunes the balance sheet showed a deficit on this performance of some £18. There is such a thing as zeal overcoming discretion. In Mr. C. L. Williams, the honorary conductor, the society undoubtedly has a man-at-the-wheel who is determined to go ahead. There is a fashion in music as in dress, and just now, or to be more correct, a short while ago, Gounod's "Redemption" was the rage. Perhaps Mr. Williams shared the opinion of your correspondent, that the "Redemption" was not a work which would make its impression on the public as the works of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn have done, and decided on a performance of the sacred trilogy with a view to strike the iron while it was hot, and before the "Redemption" became a matter of history. But the iron had already begun to cool, and the impression formed on hearing of the *opus sua vita* at the last meeting of the Three Choirs, that the "Redemption" was not a composition likely to live was confirmed, and the performance, though wanting in those sacred associations, its representation in the grand nave of Gloucester Cathedral gave to it, was almost faultless. Chorus, orchestra, and soloists all acquitted themselves in the most creditable manner possible. Gounod is a great master of harmony,

and few have a better acquaintance with the study of orchestration; and so in a great work of such dimensions as the "Redemption," it was only to be expected that there should be much that is commendable. But there is also much that is the reverse. The ever-recurring ascending and descending chromatic passages, and the monotonous recitative are distinctly tedious. Nor are we convinced of the sublimity of the Pastoral Symphony which roused the critic of an *interested* musical paper to see nothing short of divine inspiration therein. The "Redemption" is not satisfactory, for the dangerous tendency it may have. It probably costs more money to adequately perform this work than any extant, and there are introduced accessories—tricks and dodges they might almost be described—which are very clever, but suitable rather for opera bouffe than for a work pretending to deal with a theme so ambitious that geniuses like Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn feared to undertake them. Throughout, it is evident that the vocal is made entirely subservient to the orchestral, a sign which is not healthy in oratorio. The several characters were distributed among Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Emilie Lloyd, Mr. W. Wood, Mr. Harper Kearton, Rev. C. H. Murphy (minor canon at the Cathedral), Mr. Brandon, and Mr. Montague Worlock." The only regrettable thing is that the financial record for the season of the Gloucester Choral Society, is not so brilliant as the musical. However, we will hope for similar musical treats during the season 1884-5.

DUBLIN.

MAY 26TH.

The most important event of the month was the visit of Dr. Hans Von Bülow, the great pianist, who gave two recitals, one on the evening of Wednesday, the 30th April, and the other in the afternoon of the following day, the 1st of May. The engagement was made by the enterprising house of Cramer, Wood, and Co., to whom we in Dublin owe a number of first-class concerts within the last few months. At both recitals there were crowded audiences, which included the leading professional musicians of this city, while, of course, pianoforte amateurs were present in force. Von Bülow's great attainments as a musician, and his vast executive powers as a pianist, need hardly be spoken of. He is adequate to the performance of all styles of music, but his predominant characteristic seems to be masculine energy; and that quality constantly cropped out, notwithstanding that he showed many and various excellencies. His individuality was a very marked contrast indeed with that of De Pachmann, who preceded him here; and, indeed, their respective performances raise the question whether a pianist should have any individuality at all, and whether he should not be a perfectly transparent medium of interpretation, capable of making himself "all things to all composers." Von Bülow certainly possesses this all-round character largely, but his hand constantly comes down heavily on the keys in a way that would make De Pachmann start off his seat. Amongst the items played at the first recital, were Liszt's "Hymn to the Pope," and "Legends of St. Franz (Assisi and Paula);" an impromptu and valse of Schubert, the latter arranged by Liszt; three pieces of Rheinberger, including a one-hand fugue; and Beethoven's sonata in E flat, opus 27. The one-hand fugue was very clever; but such compositions are really absurd. Composers would do far better in striving to make the most of *two* hands. He also played the fifteen variations of fugue on the theme from the *finale* of the Eroica symphony.

An event rivaling the visit of Von Bülow was that of Mr. Charles Hallé, Madame Norman-Neruda, M. De Munck (the violoncellist), and Madame Carlotta Patti. They gave an evening concert on Monday, the 12th inst., in the Antient Concert Hall, and an afternoon one, in the same hall, on the following day. At both concerts the hall was crowded in every part. The programmes were of a judicious length, and well selected on both occasions. Madame Norman-Neruda's violin-playing roused the audience to positive enthusiasm. It did not find a vent in cheering—only a vocalist like Maas can do that with our Dublin audiences as yet—but it was expressed in applause of the heartiest character. Her choicest pieces, perhaps, were Wienawski's "Polozaise in A," and Paganini's "Movement-perpetual in C," which were given in such a fashion as to fill everyone with wonder and delight. Mr. Hallé showed that he is still a classical pianist of the first order. His excellent truth of intonation, and thoroughly artistic finish, won for him a remarkable amount of applause. Madame Patti's solos were also well received.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Two unprinted cantatas of Beethoven, all traces of which has been lost for nearly a hundred years, have been discovered at Vienna. The works in question are among the earliest of the great musician, and were composed when Beethoven was living at Bonn.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen invited to a concert, held at their residence, 37, Grosvenor-Square, on Thursday the 15th ult., nearly 300 residents of the homes provided for the working girls in London. There were also present the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton, Mr. John Shrimpton, Mr. James Lowther, and Mr. Henry Graham.

Robert Stearns, a child violinist, a son of D. Stearns, of Boston, has been attracting considerable attention by his performances at Lincoln Hall, Washington. In addition to his wonderful ease of execution, he has a most remarkable musical memory, being able to play accurately the long and difficult compositions of Beethoven, Bach, Raff, Mendelssohn, &c., after having heard them but once.

The death is announced at St. Petersburg of the celebrated musician and critic, Wilhelm von Lenz, the author of the famous work, "Beethoven et ses trois styles," in which, working out an idea of Félix, the work of Beethoven was divided into three styles or manners. There is hardly a critic or writer on Beethoven who does not quote this book. Lenz, who was a counsellor of the Russian Empire, was also the author of "Art Study" of Beethoven, in six volumes, and of several essays and criticisms on contemporary musicians.

The famous Bohemian composer Friedrich Smetana, several of whose symphonic poems have frequently been performed at the Crystal Palace, died last week in a maison de santé, at the age of 60. He was a pupil of Prokofch, at Prague, and afterwards of Liszt. Besides his symphonic poems, he composed a large number of operas, chiefly in the Bohemian dialect, and for the National Opera House at Prague, of which he was for some time conductor. One of Smetana's pupils was the now celebrated composer Anton Dvorák.

A musical phenomenon has been discovered in France, namely, a certain Glorion, native of Brest, who is twenty-one years old, and who is one of the band of the eighty-second regiment of Courbevoie, in which he plays the French horn. He is said to possess a voice that has two more tones in compass than the rare voice of Alboni. He sings the low double C of the violoncello and the high B flat of the tenor voice. All his notes are astonishingly full and equal, although he himself prefers to sing the low tones. Caron, of the National Academy has heard and judged the singer, and has taken him to the Brest Conservatory, and placed him under the care of Professor Tiroy. He may turn out a Lablache or a Rubini.

The colossal bronze bust of Beethoven for Central Park, New York, presented to the city by the Manerchor, bearing the composer's name, will be unveiled on July. On the granite pedestal is a standing female figure representing emblematically Symphony holding a lyre with the head bent as if listening.

It appears that Gounod does not have the greatest faith in his own musical talent, for it is reported that he believes he is better qualified to succeed in metaphysics than in music. Some time ago, he read before certain friends and admirers a study on the philosophy of politics, which is supposed to be a part of a large work which he has undertaken to write. It contains original views on aesthetics, philosophy, and the exact sciences.

Madame Christine Nilsson is singing in the Wagner concerts under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas in the leading American cities. She will be employed in fulfilling this engagement throughout May and June, sailing for England in July, in order to appear in a concert in London on July 23rd.

A weekly paper published in Dresden offers a prize of one hundred marks for the best composition of a "cradle song," the competition being exclusively for ladies.

From St. Petersburg is announced the death of the celebrated German pianist, Louis Brassin, formerly a professor at the Brussels and latterly at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire of Music. Some years ago he organised some successful concerts in London.

Herr Richter has been selected by a sub-committee, appointed to recommend a successor to Sir Michael Costa, as conductor of the Birmingham Musical Festival.

M. Pasdeloup, who has done so much for popularising in Paris the productions of the great classical composers, has at length had to give up his enterprise, being unable to hold his ground against the numerous competitors which his first successes called forth. M. Pasdeloup founded the first Sunday classical concert in Paris nearly thirty years ago. Notwithstanding his successful efforts in the cause of musical art he retires a poor man. A great musical festival is being organised for his benefit, for which the leading Paris artists have tendered their co-operation.

The new Spanish tenor, Señor Gayarre, who has taken Paris by storm, is the son of a blacksmith, and the story goes that he first rehearsed the anvil chorus at his father's forge. With the exception of Mario all the tenors are of plebian origin. Campanini was a blacksmith, Capoul was a shoemaker, and Brignoli was an organ-grinder, Salvi was a manufacturer of tallow candles on Staten Island.

Mr. Sims Reeves will sail for New York before the close of the year.

Madame Galli-Marié is the heroine of a curious story, which is going the rounds here. After playing "Carmen" over twenty nights at the Argentia to crowded houses, she went to Naples. On her return she again appeared at the Argentia in Bizet's masterpiece. It was noticed that her voice failed her several times on the night of her *rentrée*, and her singing altogether was disappointing. If the rumours current be true, Carmen's hoarseness was not due to a vulgar cold, but to a disappointed suitor, who half strangled her the other evening. The diamonds which Carmen wears round her throat in the last act hid the marks of brutal fingers. This is not the first escape Madame Galli-Marié has had in Italy. The Don José she has played Carmen with have three times been so excited by the superb realistic power of her acting in the last act that they have actually stabbed her—in one instance wounding her seriously.—*New York Musical Courier*.

Gounod until recently had not heard Gayarre sing, but being in Paris a few weeks ago the tenor was presented to the maestro. Gounod heard him deliver the "Salve dimora," from "Faust," which Gayarre sang exquisitely, and afterward the "Ave Maria," the rendering of which is said to have moved the composer to tears and led him to embrace the singer. When about to take leave, Gounod said to the tenor: "You are about to sing in 'Lucia,' if you wish we will sing the final duo I will sing Lucia's part, you Edgardo's, and the piano will do the rest." Gounod is not only a good pianist, but has an excellent voice. The performance was therefore a surprise and success.

—An Indian paper says that the Maharaja of Dholpur is an accomplished musician. "He sings English and French songs with much taste and expression, and in a style quite equal to that of nine-tenths of Europeans in India. He can appreciate good music when he hears it, and regularly attended the opera in Calcutta during his visit to the exhibition, enjoying the music thoroughly, and pronouncing the soprano 'first-rate.' He also plays on the cornet well, and the piano a little. This development of a taste for Western music in a native gentleman is probably unique, and is traceable to the influence of Colonel Dennehy, himself an accomplished musician, under whose almost fatherly care the Maharaja has been brought up since childhood."

A new contra-fagotto, invented and improved after many experiments by Herr Brännlich, of Dresden, has given so much satisfaction to a musical committee of inspection that the directors of the Royal Opera in that city have introduced it into their orchestra. This instrument is said to be entirely free from the defects and imperfections of the contra-fagotto now used, able to produce all the necessary *nuances* of tone and expression, and to be in fact the instrument so long desired, a fully qualified double-bass to the ordinary wood-wind part of the orchestra throughout the whole range.

A new work by Dr. Ludwig Nöhl is now in the press and will be published under the title of "Das moderne Musikdrama." It will deal with the rise of German opera in various forms through Bach, Handel, and Gluck, and its development in a more purely dramatic sense under Weber, Beethoven, and Wagner, with an analysis of the historical relations, aesthetic significance, and practical characteristics of the last named composer's musical style.

M. Capoul, the tenor, has returned to Paris from America. He will spend the summer at Toulouse, but will probably sign an engagement with M. Carvalho for the Opera Comique for the coming autumn season.

The great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, Paris have taken to appearing at public concerts for charitable purposes, and no less than £600 was taken at a hall in Paris from people anxious to hear a live marquis sing.

At the opening of the International Exhibition of Tarin, a new cantata, composed for the occasion by Signor Faccio, conductor of the orchestra at La Scala, Milan, was performed.

Madame Patti has arrived at her Welsh residence Craig-y-Nos Castle, from New York. She met with an enthusiastic reception from the inhabitants. Guns were fired, and there was a display of fireworks on her arrival at the castle.

Madame Patti is said to have been overwhelmed with floral offerings during her American tour just concluded. At San Francisco she had to engage five carriages to convey to the hotel the flowers scattered at her feet during the concert.

Madame Trebelli the distinguished contralto, has resolved to remain during the summer in the United States, where she has many concert engagements. She will therefore not sing in London this season.

At the sixth and last Philharmonic concert, given on Wednesday, 28th ult., a new symphony by Mr. F. H. Cowen was produced, under the composer's own direction. Signor Bottesini, the double-bass player, performed a concerto of his own composition on the same occasion.

A musical and dramatic entertainment, in aid of the proposed Mother's Hospital, at Shadwell, will be given, under distinguished patronage, on Wednesday afternoon, June 18, at 7 Chesterfield Gardens, W., Madame Patey, Mrs. Kendel, Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. George Grossmith, and other well-known artists have promised their services.

The organ of Westminster Abbey, after a year's work upon it, has been re-erected at the two extremities of the screen by Messrs. W. Hill and Son. The organist sits in the centre of the screen, whence he can see the singers, and the connections between the console at which he sits and the sound boards are by means of pneumatic tubes. The wind is supplied from bellows in a vault in the cloisters, driven by a gas engine, and is conveyed into the Abbey by three iron pipes extending to a distance of about sixty feet. The great organ has 13 stops, choir 11, swell 14, solo 8, and pedal 10, making a total of 56 stops; there are 12 couplers and 12 combination pedals. Afternoon service on Saturday, when the organ was used for the first time, included, for the musical portion, a selection from the works of past organists of Westminster—namely, Purcell, Croft, Cooke, and Turle, and the present organist, Dr. Bridge. At the close of the service Dr. Bridge gave an organ recital, the programme being well arranged to display both the powers and the sweetness of the new stops. While the instrument is complete, the funds have not sufficed to supply the cases, and the Chapter appeal for £1,500, which the cases, as designed by Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A., will cost.

Lady Benedict, already known as a composer of graceful ballads and pianoforte pieces, is the authoress of a song, "Going to Sleep." The verses are full of genuine pathos, and Lady Benedict, though using the simplest means, has written music that intensifies their expression. Among recently-published songs we do not know one more adapted to reach the heart.

The concert given on the 23rd ult., by the popular song writer, Miss Elizabeth Philp, included, as usual, a good number of her own compositions, some of which were presented at this concert, for the first time. Miss M. E. Braddon, more famous as a novelist than a poet, had written for the occasion two very beautiful songs ("The Life that I lived for you," and the "Galley Slaves"), which, set to music by Miss Philp, were sung by the composer. The concert indeed, was successful throughout. Among the principal vocalists were, in addition to the concert-giver, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Agnes Larkcom, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Clara Myers, and Miss Hope Glenn and Mr. Oswald. The pianists were Madame Frickehaus and Miss Bessie Waugh; the violinist, Mlle. Eisler; and the instrumental portion of the concert was strongly reinforced by a contribution from Sir Julius Benedict, who volunteered, and gave with great effect, a solo in the comparatively ancient fantasia style.

We understand that Mr. Carl Rosa's next London season will be much more extended than the one recently and successfully closed. The company is at present performing in Lancashire, where the provincial season will be brought to an end.

For the first time an English operetta company, managed by Mr. Wilson, has appeared in Italy, and seems to have won considerable popularity amid many bewildering attractions in Turin.

At a rehearsal of "St. Peter" by the Albert Hall Choral Society, in anticipation of the performance of that work on June 6th, Sir Julius Benedict expressed himself delighted with the ready manner in which the members mastered the difficulties of his music. A specially good performance may be looked for.

A rumour that the committee of the Birmingham Festival have offered an engagement to Herr Joachim as solo violinist appears to be premature. No communication had reached the eminent artist up to a few days ago, and it is doubtful whether Herr Joachim could visit England in September, 1885.

Theodore Wachtel, the veteran tenor singer, having discovered that his daughter possesses a naturally fine voice, is having her trained in Vienna for the lyric stage. His son has already made some stir in Europe as a singer.

Humoresque.

The series of histories of the origin of various songs has proved so valuable to musical students that we present a second series, showing how several popular songs originated.

Hatton was one day dining at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, near an open window. Just as he was about to begin his last course, a tramp thrust his hand in the window, seized the jam pie, and made off with it. The composer, struck with the incident, at once dashed off "Good-by, sweet tart, good-by."

Cowen once attended the races at Newcastle, England, and was immediately surrounded by gamblers and betting men beseeching him to make wagers on the result. Instead of doing this, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and composed the "Better Land."

Barri was once obliged to listen to an amateur soprano, of some fifty years, execute the aria entitled "The Maiden of Bashful Fifteen." He was so moved by this that he subsequently composed the "Song of the Old Belle."

Rossini was once the guest of a Presbyterian divine in Edinburgh, and was invited to come and hear him preach, a special pew being proffered for the use of the composer. His only reply was the aria, "Non più Mesta."

Cloy was once in Canada, indulging in the wild species of coasting called "tobogganing." He had placed his companion, a charming young lady, on the sled, and then absent-mindedly sat down to look at the prospect. Meanwhile, the sled, with its precious freight, dashed down the hill, and, bringing up against a tree, wound up the proceedings and the young lady. When some friends discovered the body, they asked the composer what caused her death. He immediately gave them a manuscript on which was written, "She wandered down the Mountain Side."

Sullivan once was in search of a habitation in London, and called on a well known real-estate agent, who asked him, "What kind of chambers do you want, and at what price?" Sullivan immediately sang "Suite, and Low."

A prima donna sang "Home, Sweet Home" to the convicts in an Eastern prison; and it so worked upon their feelings that seven of them escaped, and struck out for their parental roof-tree the same night.—*St. Louis Post*.

Danbury, Conn., has a blacksmith's shop with a piano-forte in it. Probably to use for accompaniments to the anvil chorus.—*Musical Record*. It may have been sent there to be hammered.—*Richmond Béton*.

A Whitehall baker has composed a piece of vocal music. It begins with dough.—*Whitehall Times*. Which is followed by to raise, of course.—*Waterloo Observer*. It will probably be sung as an yeaster-hymn.—*Richmond Béton*. If it becomes flat, how "sad" it would be.—*Grit*.

Children's Column.

Grimm's Fairy Tales.

ONCE upon a time a rich miser had a servant, who had served him faithfully for nearly three years without receiving any wages in return for his work. At the end of the third year, he said to his master, "Sir, I have worked hard for you during all this time; will you pay me what you owe me, as I should like to travel and see the world?" "Yes," replied the miser; "you have served me very well, and you shall be well paid." Saying this, he took from his pocket three farthings, and counted them out carefully, one by one. "I have given you a farthing for each year," said he, "and I can assure you that it is a very large amount, and much more than many other masters would pay you." The poor man, who knew very little of the value of money, was highly delighted with what he thought his good fortune, and set out upon his travels singing and whistling, and feeling very happy indeed.

As he was walking along he met a dwarf, who said to him, "Where are you going, my friend? You appear to be in very good spirits this morning." "Yes," replied the countryman, "why should I be sad? I am rich, for I have just received my wages for the past three years." "How much do your wages amount to altogether?" demanded the dwarf. "To three farthings of good money, carefully counted," replied the countryman. "Listen to me," said the little dwarf, "I am a poor man, in great misery; please give me your three farthings. I am not able to work, but you are young, and can easily earn some more money." Our friend had a good heart; he took pity upon the little man, and gave him the whole of his three farthings. "You are very kind," said the dwarf, "form three wishes, one for each farthing you have given me, and you shall have what you ask." "Oh, oh!" said the young man; "so you are a magician. Well, then, since you are so kind, I should like a crossbow that will never fail to hit what I aim at, a violin that will compel every one who hears it to dance, and, last of all, I should like that when I desire anyone to do a thing, he shall not be able to refuse me." "It shall be as you wish," said the dwarf, and going into a bush that was near, he brought out the crossbow and the violin, and gave them to the young man, saying, "When you demand a thing, no one in the world will be able to refuse you."

A little further on he met a Jew, who was listening to a bird singing at the top of a tree. "What a beautiful bird," said the Jew; "I wish I could get such a one." "If that is all you want," said the countryman, "the bird will soon be yours," and he aimed his bow with such a good aim that the bird fell into the brambles at the foot of the tree. The Jew went into the bush to get the bird, but as soon as he was well in the middle, the countryman commenced to play a lively tune upon his violin. Immediately the Jew heard the music he was unable to resist dancing, but the brambles tore his clothes and scratched him very badly. "Oh!" cried he, "please leave off playing your violin; I do not want to dance." But our friend went on playing, saying "You have cheated many men before now and this will serve you very well right." "If you will only stop," cried the Jew, "I will give you a purse full of gold." "Since you are so generous," said the countryman, "I will cease playing, although it is a great pleasure to see you dance; you dance so very nicely."

As soon as he was gone, the Jew went to the Judge, and cried, "My lord, I have been ill-treated and robbed upon the highway. Will you send some men to arrest the thief? He can easily be recognised, as he carries a violin and a bow."

When the countryman was taken before the Judge, he said, "I did not touch the Jew nor his gold; he offered to give me the purse if I would stop playing my violin, as my music displeased him."

But the Judge would not believe him, and said "That is a very poor defence; Jews do not give away their money for such a little thing as that," and he condemned the countryman to be hanged as a highway robber.

"Grant me one favour before I die," said the countryman; "It is only that I may play an air on my violin for the last time." Upon hearing this the Jew was very much alarmed, and begged the Judge not to allow him to do so; but the Judge would not listen to the Jew, and told the countryman he might do as he wished. The fact of the matter was he was unable to refuse the request of the

countryman, as the dwarf had promised. At the first note of the violin every one commenced to dance—the Judge, the lawyers, the executioner, and the spectators—and the faster the countryman played, the more rapid grew the dancers. At last the Judge grew so tired that he offered to pardon the countryman if he would only cease playing.

Our friend went up to the Jew, who was lying upon the ground, trying to regain his breath, and said, "Rogue, confess where you got your gold, or I will commence to play again." "I stole it, I stole it," cried the Jew, "and you gained it from me quite honestly." After this confession, the Judge commanded that the Jew should be hung upon the gallows instead of the countryman.

Music in Song.

"See deep enough, and you see 'musically.'—CARLYLE.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

And thou, too; if through nature's calm
Some strains of music touch thine ears,
Accept and share that soothing balm.

And sing, though choked with pitying tears.

C. KINGSLEY

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave,
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

COWPER.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an Angel down!

DRYDEN.

O music! miraculous art, that makes the poet's skill a jest revealing to the soul inexpressible feelings by the aid of inexplicable sounds! A blast of thy trumpet, and millions rush forward to die; a peal of thy organ, and uncounted nations sink down to pray. Mighty is thy three-fold power! First, thou canst call up all elemental sounds, and scenes, and subjects with the definiteness of reality. Strike the lyre! Lo! the voice of the winds, the flash of the lightning, the swell of the wave, the solitude of the valley! Then thou canst speak to the secrets of a man's heart as if by inspiration. Strike the lyre! Lo! our early love our treasured hate, our withered joy, our flattering hope! And, lastly, by the mysterious melodies thou canst recall man from all thought of this world and of himself, bringing back to his soul's memory dark but delightful recollections of the glorious heritage which he has lost, but which he may win again. Strike the lyre! Lo! Paradise, with its palaces of inconceivable splendour and its gates of unimaginable glory!

LORD BEACONFIELD,

Vibrations.

How will you know the pitch of that great bell
Too large for you to stir? Let but a flute
Play 'neath the finely-mixed metal: listen close
Till the right note flows forth, a silvery rill:
Then shall the huge bell tremble—then the mass
With myriad waves concurrent shall respond
In low soft unison.

GEORGE ELIOT.

We do not hear that Memnon's statue gave forth its melody at all under the rushing of the mightiest wind, or in response to any other influence, divine or human, then certain short-lived sunbeams of morning; and we must learn to accommodate ourselves to the discovery that some of those cunningly-fashioned instruments, called human souls, have only a very limited range of music, and will not vibrate in the least under a touch that fills others with tremulous rapture—or quivering agony.

GEORGE ELIOT.

As to "Honour all men," you are quite right. Every man should be honoured as God's image, in the sense in which Novalis says—that we touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body! . . . The old Homeric Greeks I think felt that, and acted up to it, more than any nation. The Patriarchs too seem to have had the same feeling. . . . I have been making a fool of myself for the last ten minutes, according to the world's notion of folly, for there have been some strolling fiddlers under the window, and I have been listening and crying like a child. Some quick music is so inexpressibly mournful. It seems just like one's own feelings—exultation and action, with the remembrance of past sorrow wailing up, yet without bitterness, tender in its shrillness, through the mingled tide of present joy; and the notes seem thoughts—thoughts pure of words, and a spirit seems to call to me in them and cry, "Hast thou not felt all this?" And I start when I find myself answering unconsciously, "Yes, yes, I know it all!" Surely we are a part of all we see and hear! And then the harmony thickens, and all distinct sound is pressed together and absorbed in a confused paroxysm of delight, where still the female treble and the male base are distinct for a moment, and then one again—absorbed into each other's being—sweetened and strengthened by each other's melody. . . . Why should I not cry? Those men have unconsciously told me my own tale! why should I not love them and pray for them? Are they not my benefactors? Have they not given me more than food and drink? Let us never despise the wandering minstrel. He is an unconscious witness for God's harmony—a preacher of the world-music—the power of sweet sounds, which is a link between every age and race—the language which all can understand, though few can speak. And who knows what tender thoughts his own sweet music stirs within him, though he eat in pot-houses and sleep in barns! Ay, thoughts too deep for words are in those simple notes—why should not we feel them?

C. KINGSLEY.

I have heard, and you doubtless, in a fine concert of viols, extemporary descant upon a thorough bass in the Italian manner, when each performer in turn plays such variety of descant, in concordance to the bass, as his skill and present invention may suggest to him. In this manner of play the consonances invariably fall true upon a given note, and every succeeding note of the ground is met, now in the unison or octave, now in the concords, preserving the melody throughout by the laws of motion and sound. I have thought that this is life. To a solemn bass of mystery and of the unseen, each man plays his own descant as his taste or fate suggests; but his manner of play is so governed and controlled by what seems a fatal necessity, that all melts into a species of harmony; and even the very discords and dissonances, the wild passions and deeds of men, are so tempered and adjusted that without them the entire piece would be incomplete. In this way I look upon life as a spectacle, "in theatro ludus." Have you sat so long that you are tired already of the play?—J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

Practise music. I am going to learn myself, merely to be able to look after my singers. Music is such a vent to the feelings.—C. KINGSLEY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR, Chapel-le-Frith, May 13, 1884.

Allow me, as an appreciative reader of your magazine, to say, in response to your editorial note under A. M. Petty's letter in the May number, that I think with him that it would be a decided improvement in the Keyboard Stave if the sound lines CD and DE were dotted lines; and for hymn tunes and things of small compass, if the three upper lines in the treble and the three lower lines in the bass were dispensed with except as ledger lines, as suggested by W. H. H. The dotted lines would keep constantly and distinctly in view that great landmark to the inexperienced, the "middle C." I think such a stave would be preferable to either of the staves given in the May number for psalmody, at least I find it much easier to read from.

As your magazine will doubtless fall into the hands of many who have not been able to master thoroughly the old notation, may I, as one of that numerous and discontented class, ask you to give as often as practicable the best fingering of the pianoforte pieces. It would be a great boon. Another favour, could you not let us have each month one sheet of paper ruled with blank lines à la mode, for the encouragement of transposing.

Yours truly,

S. T.

P.S.—I enclose my name and address.

SIR, Dublin, 8th May, 1884.

The Keyboard Stave, although the simplest for the piano, is not in its present form so well adapted for vocal music, and for this reason that it is not an accurate representation of the musical intervals.

Take the diatonic scale of C as an example, and it will be found that all the intervals of the scale, as written on the Keyboard Stave, appear to be equal, whereas in fact we know that the intervals between the 3rd and 4th (old nomenclature) and between the 7th and 8th are only half as great as the other intervals of the scale.



A reference to the keys of the pianoforte, or to the keyboard stave which follows the pianoforte, shows that the linear distance from E flat to F sharp, or from B flat to C sharp is twice as great as the linear distance from F sharp to A flat, or from A flat to B flat, or from C sharp to E flat—whereas the sound interval between E flat and F sharp, or B flat and C sharp is only once and a half as great as the intervals between the other black notes, or lines on the Keyboard Stave.

For vocal music or for strings I should look upon this as a fatal objection to the new notation, if it were not that it is possible to obviate it by the following simple contrivance.

Let the Keyboard Stave be made to correspond with the musical intervals, or, in other words, let the 3rd and 4th lines and the 5th and 6th lines of the Keyboard Stave be printed closer together, at a distance one and a half instead of twice the distance between the other lines. When this is done each one of the twelve semitones of the chromatic scale has an equal space assigned to it, and the Keyboard Stave becomes a perfect sound ladder.

The advantages of the change which I advocate are so patent to the eye, that if you will print the scale of C in the manner I have suggested, it will, I am sure commend itself to the judgment of your readers and of the Musical Reform Association.



Yours faithfully,

ARNOLD GRAVES.

[This suggestion we shall adopt in our next issue.—ED.]

Eccentricities of Composers.

LUCK, to rouse his imagination, used to place himself in the middle of a meadow, under the heat of a burning sun, with his piano before him, and two bottles of champagne by his side. In this way he wrote his two "Iphigenias," his "Orpheus," and "Paris."

Sarti, on the contrary, chose a large empty room for the field of his labours, dimly lighted by a single lamp hung from the ceiling. His musical spirit was summoned to his aid only in the middle of the night, and in the midst of the most profound silence. Thus he produced the "Medonte," and the well-known beautiful air, "La dolce campagna."

Cimarosa loved noise, and preferred, when he composed, to be surrounded by his friends. After this manner did he write "Les Héros" and the "Matrimonio Segreto."

Paesiello could not tear himself from his bed. From between the sheets were produced "Nina," the "Barber of Seville," the "Molinara," and others.

It is said that the reading of a passage in some holy Latin classic was necessary to inspire Zingarelli to the composition, in less than four hours, of an entire act of "Pyrrhus," or of "Romeo and Juliet."

Aufossi, a Neapolitan composer of great promise, who died young, could not write a note until surrounded by roast capons, hams, sausages, &c., &c.

It is related of Haydn that, for the sake of inspiration he used to dress himself with as much care and elegance as if he were about to be presented at Court; and that then, after putting on the ring given him by the King of Prussia, he was in a state to write. He often used to declare that if he sat down without this ring not a single musical idea would come into his head.

Grétry states, in his memoirs, that his own medium of inspiration was the sipping of tea or lemonade.

Rossini cannot bear to hear his own music. His facility of composition is surprising, the greater part of his masterpieces having been written in the midst of all the pleasures of society, and while surrounded and apparently engrossed by every gaiety. His "Gazza Ladra" was written in twelve days. "Guillaume Tell" took him but three months, and was written in the midst of the noise of constant visitors thronging his room, and in whose conversation he from time to time bore his part; his attention, the meanwhile, never distracted from his labour, until some one hummed one of his own airs, or an organ stopped under his window.

Now, let us turn to Meyerbeer, the man of mournful melody—of sombre, plaintive notes. Behold him alone shut up in that granary, hidden from all eyes. He hears the wind moan, the rain falling in torrents, the storm bursting over the devoted heads of those who may be exposed to it—to him it is a source of inspiration. He is imitating on his piano the disorder of the elements, the wailing of the blast, the crash and roar of the thunder.

Auber is supposed to have gained the initiative ideas of some of his best compositions while galloping on horseback; his *destrier* may thus be said to be, without mythological fable, the true Pegasus. The celebrated chorus in the "Muette de Portici" was written after noticing the *bizarre* combination of conflicting harmonies produced by the *poissardes*, *marchands de légumes*, and others in the *Marché des Innocents*.

A strange freak is told of Adolphe Adam, the author of the "Chalet," the "Postillon de Longjumeau," "Giselle," &c. It is said that after having dined, he would lie down on his bed, and, summer or winter smother himself with the clothes, then have one of his two enormous cats placed at his head, the other at his feet, and in that half-stifled position court the goddess of harmony, and woo her to inspire him with those pretty airs which the public of Paris have so applauded, and which have gained for him a very respectable rank in the list of modern composers.

Of our English composers, little in the way of eccentricity can be said of them. They are, and have been for the most part, quiet, gentlemanly men, living, eating, drinking, and sleeping like those around them, and neither seek nor assume any peculiar medium of inspiration.

M A R C H.

Great Diaps coupled to
Swell Full
Pedal coupled to Great & Swell

ALLEGRO MAESTOSO. $\text{♩} = 100.$

Charles Joseph Frost Mus Doc Cantab: Fell Coll Org.

ANUAL.



PEDAL.



4 3 4 1 2 3 2 1

(reduce Gt to Diaps as at first)

cre - scen - do

f secure Swell. Gt *mf* open *mf*

(gradually close the Swell)

di - mi - nu - en - do

(as before)

4 3 2 1

Gt to Ped coupler off

21

p Swell to Oboe arrange Gt Dulciana uncoupled (or Choir)

Swell

p (arrange Gt to f coupled to Sw)

cre-

(left foot only, to enable right to effect)

scen.

crescends)

secure
Swell
open

put
Full
Swell
on

close the
Swell
Gt to Ped
coupler on





“THE STAR OF OUR LOVE.”

SONG.

Composed Expressly for this Magazine.

Words by Hugh Conway.

Music by Frederic H. Cowen.

4 Andante $\text{♩} = 140$. A minor.

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The top staff is for the piano, featuring a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of A minor (no sharps or flats). The vocal part begins on the second staff with a bass clef, also in common time and A minor. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part continues on the third staff, and the vocal part resumes on the fourth staff. The piano part concludes on the fifth staff. Various dynamics and performance instructions are included, such as *p* (piano), *poco cresc.*, *dim.*, *poco rit.*, *a tempo*, *cresc.*, and *colla voce*.

I woke last night from a
fit-ful sleep, The moon thro' my casement looked wan and pale, I watched till the storm clouds
poco cresc.
dark and deep Spread o-ver her sweet white face as a veil Then my heart was sad as the
colla voce
dim. *cresc.*
som-bre sky, Till a rift in the dri-ven clouds set free One star, that bright as a

lov - ing eye, Came out of the dark - ness and smiled on me, Came out of the darkness and
rit.

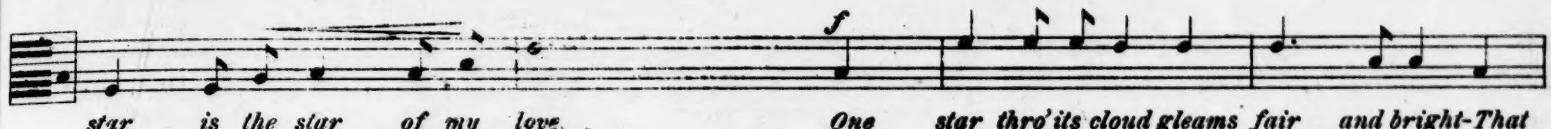
dim. p p
smiled on me; And I cried, I cried— "Tho'
p

A major.
espress.
stor - my my life to - night. And dark as the drift a -

p p p p p p
stor - my my life to - night. And dark as the drift a -

cresc.
bove, One star thro' its cloud gleams fair and bright- That

cresc.
bove, One star thro' its cloud gleams fair and bright- That



One star thro' its cloud gleams fair and bright-That



A minor.

Then I slept once more and a sweet dream came, For I saw my love, and her steadfast eyes I



poco cresc.

dim.

cresc.

fan cied were lit by the same clear flame As the star so fair in the cloud y skies. I woke, and I knew that the

poco cresc.

dim.

cresc.



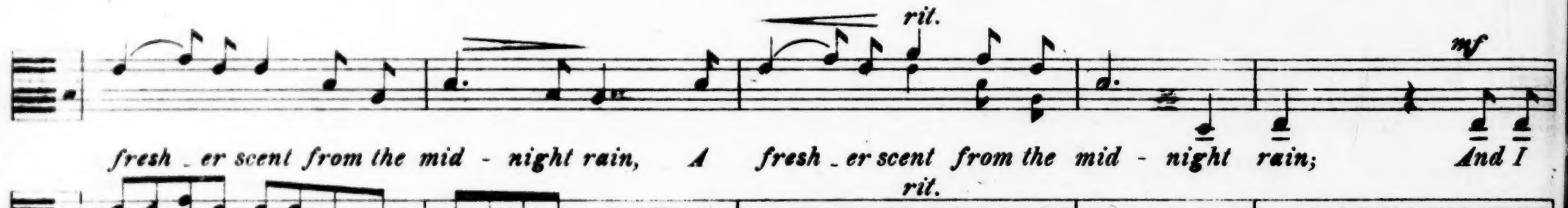
storm had fled And sun - shine lay on the earth again, And the twin - ing rose near my win - dow shed A



con 8va

con 8va

rit.



fresh - er scent from the mid - night rain,

A fresh - er scent from the mid - night rain;

And I

rit.



cried,

I cried -

A major.

mf

espress.

“O love, you are far

a - way,

But



Ad.

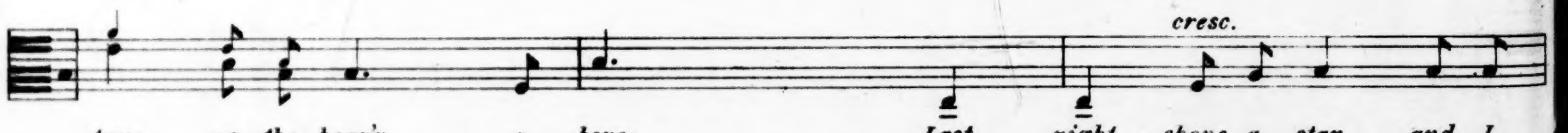
*

■

■

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■



true as the heav'n a - bove:

Last night shone a star, and I

cresc.



cresc.

■

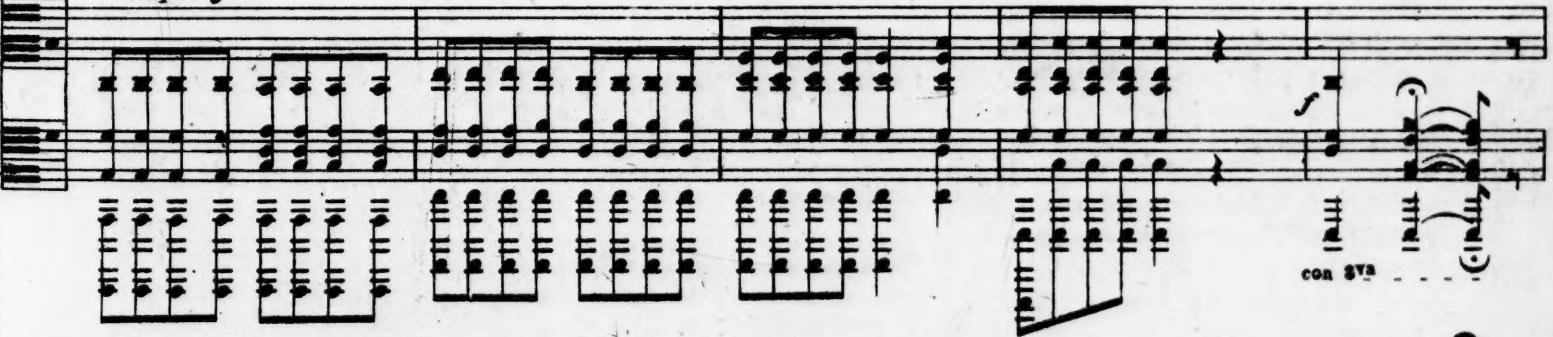
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■

■



sempr. f



St. Annis.

F major.

Luther's Hymn.

G major.

CHANTS.

Tonus Pevegrinus.

G major.

Tallis.

F major.

F major.

St. Flavias

MUSIC MADE EASY FOR CHILDREN.

SCALES.

A scale is a consecutive succession of sounds, starting from any one of the twelve sounds contained in the octave, and ascending or descending to its octave. The interval between any sound and the next, is called the interval of a semitone. Two semitone intervals form one whole tone interval. There are twelve semitones, or six whole tones, contained in the interval of an octave. A scale consisting of a succession of semitone intervals, is called Chromatic.

CHROMATIC SCALE.



Scales formed of semitone and whole tone intervals, are called Diatonic.

There are two kinds of Diatonic Scales, Major and Minor.

A Diatonic Scale contains seven different sounds, the eighth sound of the scale being the octave of the first. On each of the twelve sounds contained in an octave, a Major or Minor Diatonic Scale may be commenced. Starting from any one sound, the Major Scale would be formed of the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, and 13th sounds; the last is a repetition of the first, and completes the octave.

MAJOR SCALE.



"Rudiments of Musical Composition."

By JAMES RUSSELL, Mus. Doc., Oxon.

UNDER this head it is our intention to supply to our readers monthly articles on what is sometimes called "The Grammar of Music," "The Elements of Musical Composition," "The Theory of Music," &c., &c. We prefer our own heading, and shall use it accordingly.

In these articles we *comprehend* and intend to *define* what is essential, not only to Composers, but to all Amateurs who have anything whatever to do with Music; while those who intend to prepare themselves for Examinations in Music, will find herein a safe guide to progress.

Supposing our students to be acquainted with scales and time, and understand the difference between a semitone and a tone, we proceed to define

MELODY.

Melody is a succession of *single* sounds, arranged according to a definite idea.

Beethoven, Op. 26.

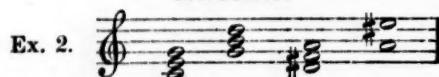


In this beautiful example of melody, we have three beats in a bar, and one accent on the first note in the bar. Accent in Melody, as in language, is of paramount importance, and its gradations infinite. The student must not hope to compose or even perform melody without a careful study of accent. As we shall have to return to this subject in a future article, we now proceed to define

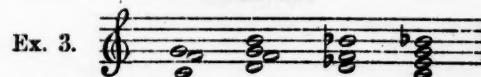
HARMONY.

Harmony is a *combination* of sounds called Chords. Chords are divided into Concords and Discords.

CONCORDS.

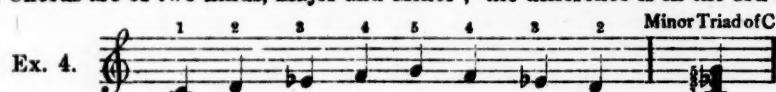


DISCORDS.



In Example 2 the Concords are called *Triads*. A Triad consists of three notes, viz., any note with its 3rd and 5th added *above*—thus the 1st is the triad of C, the 2nd is that of G, &c. Observe, all intervals are counted *upwards*.

Triads or Common Chords are of two kinds, Major and Minor; the difference is in the 3rd of the scale.



The student should first find *Major Triads* to each sound or note in the scale, starting from C and proceeding in the following order, that is when *one triad* has been found, start afresh from its highest note, and so on, until the same note is reached from which he started, which will be twelve triads. In Example 5 will be found an easy method for finding all the triads.



When the note becomes too high, go an octave or two octaves lower, thus—



Having thus found all the *Major Triads*, proceed in the same manner with the *Minor*, viz., by flattening the 3rd note, as in Example 4.

In two or three days, by constantly playing the first five notes of all the scales, as here suggested, the student will become acquainted with all the Major and Minor Triads.

When this is done, the octave (8th) *above* should be added to the Triad, thus—



In composition the lowest note is often omitted, thus—



Further, either of the original notes may become the lowest, or Bass, note, as in Ex. 8.



This is called *inversions* of the chord. This point must be *well* understood, as it is of the utmost importance.

In our next we will treat of *Inversions*, define the term *Counterpoint*, and commence to analyse music.

The student should write all the Triads, with the Inversions, and learn to recognise them in music.

To afford our readers and students assistance in the study of Musical Composition, Harmony Exercises according to the present notation will be *corrected through the post* by Dr. Russell, De Beauvoir Cottage, Guernsey. Terms on application.

Rudiments of Musical Composition,

Being an exposition of music viewed from the standpoint of the new method.

In these articles we shall comprehend and define what is essential, not only to composers, but to all amateurs who have anything to do with music. In our previous articles on "Rudiments of Music for Pianoforte Students," we explained the formation of scales, the tone and semitone, stops, time, &c., and now proceed to examine the construction of music.

Music consists of *Melody* and *Harmony*. Melody is a succession of Single Sounds, arranged according to a definite idea.

Sonata, Op. 26.

EXAMPLE OF MELODY.

Beethoven.



In this beautiful example of melody, we have three beats in a bar, and one accent on the first note in the bar. Accent in Melody, as in language, is of paramount importance, and its gradations infinite. The student must not hope to compose or even perform melody without a careful study of Accent. As we shall have to return to this subject in a future article, we now proceed to define

HARMONY.

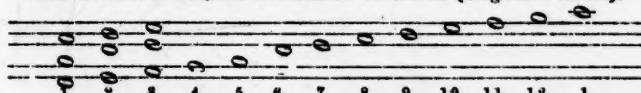
Harmony is a combination of sounds called Chords. Chords are divided into Concords and Discords.

The Science of Harmony teaches the Combination of Musical Sounds, or the manner in which Chords are constructed, and their relation to each other. Three or more sounds form a Chord. Chords are divided into *Concords* and *Discords*. A Concord is an Agreement of Three Different Musical Sounds, that satisfy the ear. Consequently all music ends with a Concord. There are Two forms of Concords, or Common Chords, *Major* and *Minor*.

A Major Common Chord is formed of the 1st, 5th, and 8th Sounds, of the Twelve Sounds contained in the Octave. A Major Concord may be formed on each of the twelve sounds contained in the interval of an octave. There are therefore Twelve Major Concords.

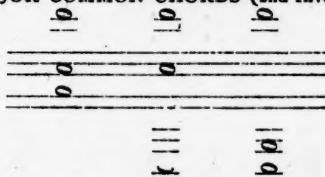
A Minor Common Chord is formed of the 1st, 4th, and 8th Sounds, of the Twelve Sounds contained in the Octave. A Minor Concord may be formed on each of the twelve sounds contained in the interval of an octave. There are therefore Twelve Minor Concords.

THE TWELVE MAJOR COMMON CHORDS (Original Position).

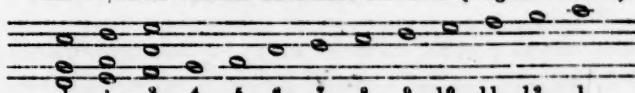


A Common Chord may be written in Three positions. Any one of the Sounds forming the chord may become either the Highest or the Lowest Sound of the chord. Chords when written in other than their original position are said to be Inverted.

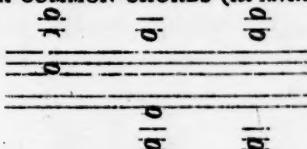
MAJOR COMMON CHORDS (2nd Inversion).



THE TWELVE MINOR COMMON CHORDS (Original Positions).



MAJOR COMMON CHORDS (1st Inversion).



Minor Common Chords are inverted in like manner.

Chords are numbered from below upwards, the lowest sound defining the position of the chord. Thus the Major Common Chord, in the original position, being formed of the 1st, 5th, and 8th sounds of the octave, it is numbered 1.

In the 2nd position, counting from the lowest sound, it is formed of the 1st, 4th, and 9th sounds, and numbered 2.

In the 3rd position, counting from the lowest sound, it is formed of the 1st, 6th, and 10th sounds, and numbered 3.

Or simply..... 1 2 3

All combinations of sounds, other than the Major and Minor Common Chords, are termed *Discords*. Turning to Op. 26, the first eight bars of which we shall take as an example to illustrate our meaning.

Sonata, Op. 26.

Beethoven.



we find that this Sonata, which is in GF, begins with an incomplete bar on DE. Bar 1 is a Common Chord on GA, in the 1st position. Bar 2 contains a Discord. Bar 3 two Common Chords, both in the 2nd position; the first is derived from GF, the second from DE. The first beat in Bar 4 is a Discord; the second beat is a Common Chord on DE, in the 1st position; the third beat is called a Turn (unharmonised). Bar 5 beats one and two Common Chords, in 2nd position, CD is the root; third beat, Common Chord in 3rd position. Bar 6 beats one and two Discords; third beat, Common Chord in 2nd position. Bar 7, first beat, Common Chord in 1st position, F Minor; second beat, Discord; third beat, Common Chord in 1st position on GA. Bar 8, first beat Discord; second beat, Common Chord in 1st position.

In our next we shall continue the analysis of this Sonata, and endeavour to explain to the student the derivation of some of the very beautiful Discords found in this composition.

SCOTS! WHA HAE.

2 With spirit. *DE major.*

(Hey tuttie taitie.)

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led! Welcome to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ry!

Now's the day, and now's the hour: See the front of bat-tle lour: See approach proud Edward's pow'r Chains and sla-ve-ry!

con 8va

Wha will be a traitor knave? Wha for Scotland's king and law,
 Who will fill a coward's grave? Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Who sae base as be a slave? Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
 Let him turn and flee! Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains, By your sons in servile chains,
 Tyrants fall in every foe! We will drain our dearest veins,
 Liberty's in every blow! But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low! Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Let us do or die!

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

2 Slowly. *A major.*

SOPRANO. ALTO. TENOR. BASS.

1. I'm wear-in' a - wa, Jean, Like snawwreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear-in' a - wa' To the land o' the
 leal. There's nae sor-row there, Jean, There's neither cauld nor care, Jean, The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairnie's there, Jean,
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
 And O! we grudg'd her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
 And joy's comin' fast, Jean,
 A joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, Jean,
 Sae free the battle fought, Jean,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 O, dry your glist'ning e'e, Jean,
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal and true, Jean,
 Your day its wearin' thro', Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fareyewell, my ain Jean,
 This world's cares are vain, Jean,
 We'll meet and we'll be fain
 In the land o' the leal.





